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# The Heart of a Child

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

Author of "The Madness of Philip."

THE sun-glare lies on the road and the field and the house. The beetles buzz and buzz, and the hens chuckle drowsily, half sunk in the gray dust. There are only three little white clouds in all the warm blue sky. It is all still, except for the hens and the beetles and the occasional flap of the collie's tail on the warm flags. No one passes up or down the road. It is the warm noon sleep of the country in August.

Suddenly comes the grating sound of something dragged over the floor, and the door opens. The Child pushes out with a little wooden rocking-chair and a great tin pan heaped with unshelled peas. She stands the chair carefully in the coolest patch of shade and squeezes her plump little body between the curved arms. Her blue-checked apron is tied by the waistband around her neck—it is a grown woman's apron, and covers her and the chair, which is far too small for her, now. But one cannot be always eight years old, and when one is eleven shall one relinquish without a pang the birthday gifts of one's childhood?

She lays the pan beside her and puts a handful of peas into her blue-checked lap. She presses her brown little thumb against the sharp green edge and drags it down the pod. Out patter the little green balls, and

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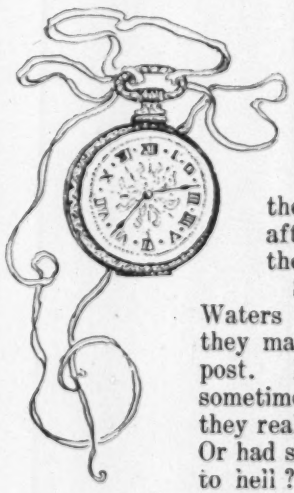
rattle into the pan. Truly, a pleasant sound! Like the rain on the roof. When she was very little and slept with her mother, she woke once in the night, and it was raining hard. The thunder frightened her, and her mother comforted her and sang her to sleep in the bed. And when the lightning flashed and all the room was bright and dreadful, her mother told her to keep her eyes shut and then the flashes would not trouble her. So she screwed her eyes hard together and held her mother's hand and drifted off to sleep.

That was so long ago! But whenever anything rattles and patters she shuts her eyes quickly, and sees for a moment the dark room and the square white counterpane, and hears her mother singing "Mary of Argyle." She wonders if when we die and go to heaven we are reminded by little sights and sounds of what we used to do on earth. Of course, there we shall do only pleasant things, but they might remind us of the pleasant things here—the pasture in the early morning, when it is so still and cool and almost strange; the barn, full of sweet piles of hay, musical with pigeons, checkered with amber sunlight, a fairy palace on whose fragrant divans one sits with sultans and slave girls, and listens to Sindbad and Aladdin; the shady porch, where cool white milk and dark shiny gingerbread wait the weary, berry-stained wanderer. In the brown book in the parlor is a poem about a little girl who used to "take her little porringer and eat her supper there." The Child feels like that little girl when she eats in the porch.



There is another little girl in the brown book—"Sweet Lucy Gray." She thinks of Lucy when she comes home, alone, at dusk, and quickens her steps.

For some maintain unto this day
She is a living child——

How frightened she would be! Not that the Child has been foolishly taught to fear. Only that she is imaginative, and knows enough to be afraid.

In that poem there is mention of one "minster-clock." What may that be? She connects it hazily with the watch that the minister takes out before the sermon. But that could never strike. If she could have one wish in all her life she knows what it would be. A beautiful gold watch all chased with figures and a cherry-colored ribbon tied into the handle. Then she would put it into her waist—but her dresses open in the back! The disadvantages of youth are obvious enough, in all conscience, without that last pathetic touch. When can she have a separate waist and skirt?

Suppose she should die before she grows old enough to attain this glory? People have died when they were young—much younger than she. The little Waters girl died, and she was only nine. The Child went to the funeral. Not with her mother. She slipped into the kitchen and listened at the door. When she told her mother that she had gone her mother looked at her so strangely.

"Why did you want to go?" she said. The Child could not tell.

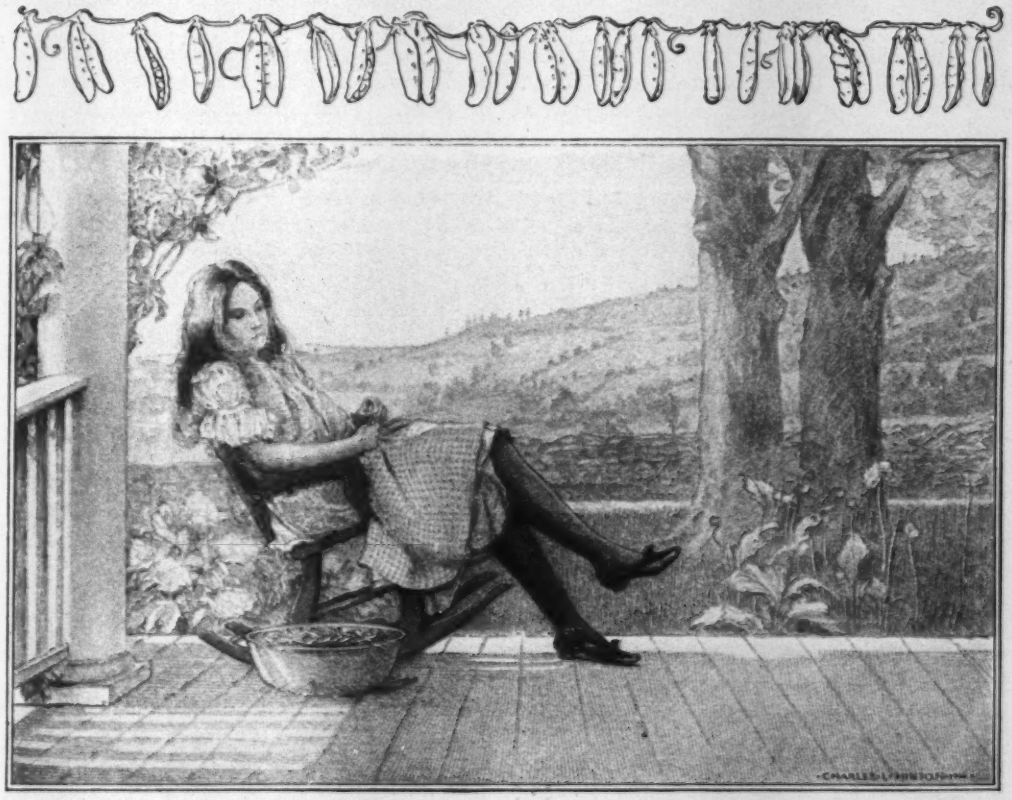
"It made me cry," she answered, "but I felt good, too. I want her to tell my brother that I am pretty well, and that I hope he is the same, when she gets to heaven. Do you suppose she will get there by to-night?"

They talked about her conduct on that occasion so strangely and so long that she never spoke any more with them about death or the life after it. But she thought about these things.

She wondered whether Mary Waters remembered the secret place they made together in a hollow gatepost. Mary Waters had a way of sometimes telling things not quite as they really were. Did she do so now? Or had she told enough lies to send her to hell? For liars inherit hell. Not that that fact had been impressed upon her mind by others, but that she had read it in the Bible and heard it read.

There are strange things in the Bible. One is commanded to refrain from doing so

many things that one never would do anyway. But those things must have been done by the Israelites and the Pharisees and the Hittites and the Publicans. Then did God



*"Peas are so small if you count them by ones!"*

mean that the Americans must keep the same laws? But Americans were free and equal. They threw over the tea, and with a wild whoop—wait! let us pretend!

This is Boston. It is still and quiet. Night is dark all around. Soft and stealthy come footsteps—the Indians! They gather from the shadows of the trees and houses, they wave their tomahawks exultantly, they glide to the wharf. In their path stands a little girl in a blue-checked apron. She falls upon her knees in terror.

"Save me!" she cries. The chief laughs a horrid laugh; he raises his tomahawk—the dog barks loud and the Child nearly drops the peas in her lap, so frightened she is.

"I thought they were real! I thought they were coming!" she whispers to herself.

Let us think of pleasant things! Peas are so small if you count them by ones! If people considered whenever they gobbled peas so quickly that every one had to be shelled by one poor tired little girl! But no—they eat them without a thought of how she sat in the little tight chair and rattled them into the pan. If she were only rich—rich enough to leave the chair and the peas and the farm and go to a city! What city? Oh, New York or Boston or Persia. In Persia the days are full of richness and the nights are Arabian. Along the streets walk veiled and lovely women—does it matter that to the Child their veils are of the dull blue net that wreathes her mother's hat? By all the Persian monarchs, no!—driving black dogs and white hinds, followed by turbaned slaves and glaring eunuchs, with misty genii hovering in the background. They enter a frowning portal—but let us pretend!

This is Persia. The streets are narrow; the people jostle and crowd to one side a little girl in a blue-checked apron. She walks along unknown, unnoticed. Wait! Who is this? It is a slave in a turban with a scimitar flashing with jewels. He bows low.

"I am bidden to tell you that your presence is desired by my master, lovely maiden!" The lovely maiden looks haughtily at him.

"I will follow you, Slave," she says. They go on to a low narrow door. The slave says a magic word and the door swings open. Through a long passage and a great hall. There bursts upon them a radiance of light. Flowers fill the air with an unearthly fragrance. Golden goblets and ruby pitchers stand on silver salvers with "dried fruit, cakes, and sweetmeats, which give an appetite for drinking." Lovely slave girls lead the maiden to the bath, and attire her in rich and costly robes. They seat her in a golden chair and give her a bowl of seed-pearls to string. (These are the pearls.) She lifts her lovely head and says in a voice of silver music, "Where is your master?"

"Lady," says one of the slaves, bowing low, "he comes." She hears the feet of the approaching prince; she dares not look. How will he look? What gift will he bring? She sinks her hands deep in the pearls. Ah, what is that? A great sweet-bough drops in the pan.

"Your gran'ma wants them peas!" says the prince in genial rebuke. Alas! And did Haroun-al-Raschid speak through his nose?

The Child stares at him, dazed.

"These—these are pearls!" she says. "I am stringing them for my girdle! Does your Highness desire that I should wear this—this *carbuncle?*"

His Highness laughs loud and long.

"It's a sweet-bough," he chuckles, "and I guess you better eat it right up, now." One moment of wavering—shall awful wrath come upon this desecrator of the soul's best rites, or good fellowship and feasting be given him? She scowls, she shrugs her aproned shoulders, she glances from beneath her lashes, she smiles.

"I'll give you half," she announces. After all, it is hardly probable that the prince would have helped her shell the peas. And William Searles will, if he *is* only the chore-boy. Vain hope!

"I got to drive the chickens 'round back," he demurs. "I can't spend my time shellin' peas. Your gran'ma says if you don't get 'em done pretty soon you can't go over to Miss Salome's this afternoon. She says you're a dreadful slow child!"

This is the last straw. The Child rises with what would indeed be a freezing dignity were it not that with her rises the birthday-chair. "William,"—she begins. But more suddenly than is consistent with her tone she sinks back. William sits upon the grass shaking with laughter.

"You looked so awful funny—so awful funny!" he gasps. The Child hangs for a moment between tears and laughter. Then she accepts the situation and laughs as merrily as the chore-boy.

"I was pretending I was a princess," she explains. "I——"

"Ho!" rejoins William, "you ain't like a princess! You don't look like the ones you tell about, anyway! Why"—as she glares at him over the apron—"your hair's red, red! An' your eyes are kind o' green, they are! An' you're just jam-packed full o' freckles! I guess I know well enough how they look, and you ain't like 'em!"

The tears stand in her eyes, but she will not let them fall.

"I don't care, William Searles," she says bravely, "I may *look* freckled, but I don't *feel so!* And it's better to know how they look than—" But no! She is an honest Child, with all her imaginings. She knows that it is better to look like them than to know about them—better for the maiden and the prince, at least. William waits for the sentence. She begins again.

"William Searles," she says solemnly, "wouldn't you rather I could *tell* you about those princesses than *look* like them?" William's eyes sparkle greedily.

"You bet!" he replies with fervor. The Child sighs with relief.

"All right," she says, "then don't complain."

She is alone again, and only William's faint and fainter invitations to the chickens break the silence. The peas fly into the pan. Suppose she should be kept from Miss Salome's! But no, that shall not be. She looks ahead to the happy afternoon.

*"And out of her lover's a brier."*

She sees the dishes wiped, the cat fed, and the fennel picked for the long sermon to-morrow. She sees herself in her new dotted lawn walking carefully up the hill to the big house, terraced and gravel-walked. She knocks timidly at the brass ring and the tall colored butler lets her in. He is the only indoor man-servant she has ever seen, and she reverences him greatly. He smiles condescendingly at her, as he smiles not upon all the country people.

"If Miss will walk up," he says. She goes up the soft-carpeted stairs into the upstairs drawing-room. She draws a long breath of happiness and wonder ever new and makes her little courtesy to Miss Salome.

Out of the dim delicious dusk of the room come slowly the familiar treasures—the high polished desk, the great piano, the marvelous service of Delft that fills a monstrous sideboard in the distance, the chairs, all silk and satin and shining wood, the great pictures in gilt frames. In the largest chair sits Miss Salome. Will the Child ever tire of looking at her pale lined face, her silver high-dressed hair, her beautiful hands sparkling with rings, her haughty mouth, her tired troubled eyes? She must have been almost as lovely as the Princess Angelica, once. But she smiles so seldom. She puts out her hand.

"And what has happened since last Saturday?" she says.

The Child laughs for pure joy. To talk, to describe, to venture at analysis, to ask the why and wherefore, to illustrate by gesture as vivid as her speech—these things are her happiness. To be suffered this joy in snatches is much, to have it demanded, and for one whole afternoon! Here is no one to reprove, no one to blame the idle hands, no one to question the propriety of mimicry, or to insist on her sitting in her little chair.

Miss Salome watches her flitting about the dusky parlor, her reddish gold hair gleaming now against the Delft blue, now against the polished mahogany desk. She tells of the chickens that lost their mother. She wanders about clucking for her brood and cooing over the returned prodigals. She walks across the room as William does—her slouching gait, open mouth, drawling voice irresistibly perfect. She describes the shooting star that seemed to her like a lost spirit—gone to sorrow and the earth.

"It made me think of, 'Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen!'" she says solemnly. "I wonder how that star felt, Miss Salome?"

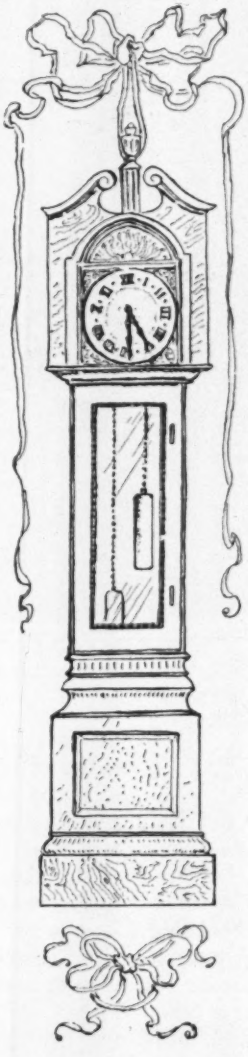
There is a long pause. The lady sighs.

Then, "You may read, if you like," she says at last.

The Child's face flushes for joy. She runs to the bookcases and brings out a small brown book. She fingers lovingly the tree-calf that covers the precious pages, and opens them before she finds her chair. She curls up in a great satin ottoman and smoothes the leaves. Where is the farm? Where the peas? Where William? They are less than shadows, more unreal than dreams. Her voice trembles as she begins:

"'And now, your Highness permitting, I shall relate to your Majesty one of the most surprising adventures ever known to your Majesty—'" Ah, it is good to have been a child and perfectly happy.

What do children know of life, she thinks, who play with tops and dogs and kittens? There are books in the world. And they own all lands and seas and peoples, who own those printed leaves. Even Miss Salome does not know as much as the books. Even Miss Salome cannot say such curious wonderful things. Why is Miss Salome so good to her? In heaven, will they see each other? "In My Father's house there are many mansions." Suppose she should be put in Miss Salome's? Will the "Arabian Nights" be there? When she lifts her eyes from the book they fall on an immense peacock-feather fan. It glows on the wall, and the eyes dilate and tremble and satisfy her hungry little soul with the color she loves. On a small table near her stands a sandal-wood cabinet. Its faint sweet smell mingles with the spices and gums of the tale, and should a genius spring from the cover and bow to the ground before them, she would not be surprised.



With a sigh of pleasure she releases the princess and outwits the evil spirit.

"'And now if your Majesty would care to listen to the story of the Fisherman——'"

"That is enough," says

Miss Salome. "Are you tired?" The Child's eyes answer her.

"Then sing to me."

"What shall I sing?" says the Child. "'Lord Lovell'?"

"If you like," answers Miss Salome.

The Child rises and stands before the great chair. Her face is raised and serious. She knows only ballads, but to her they are opera and symphony in one. She clasps her hands and begins:

*Lord Lovell he stood at his castle gate,*
*A-combing his milk-white steed,*
*When out came Lady Nancy Bell,*
*To wish her lover good spee-ee-eed,*
*To wish her lover good speed.*

Her voice rings true as a bell. Miss Salome smiles at the eager little face.

*"Now where are you going, Lord Lovell?" she said,*
*"Now where are you going?" said she.*
*"I'm going away, dear Nancy Bell,*
*Strange countries for to see-ye-ye,*
*Strange countries for to see!"*

She carries them through fateful verses and unconsciously softens and saddens her voice at the woful ending, where

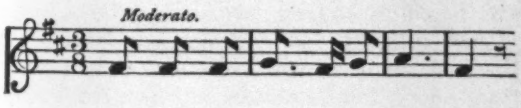
*They buried the lady in the nave of the church,*
*They buried the lord in the choir,*
*And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,*
*And out of her lover's a brier-ier-ier,*
*And out of her lover's a brier.*

Miss Salome applauds vigorously.

"One more," she begs.

The Child's heart grows big with happiness. That she should love it so, and yet with it pleasure others! It is too much joy. She will make a special prayer to-night and thank God, as does her grandmother, for unexpected bounty.

"I will sing, 'Come with thy lute,'" she says. It is a quaint, old-fashioned tune, and her voice rises and falls, and reaches for the notes with an almost pathetic feeling for their beauty:




*Come with thy lute to the fountain,*
*Sing me a song of the mountain,*
*Sing of the happy and free:—*

She looks at the lovely lady in the white satin gown in the great gold frame before her. How beautiful she must have been! She died when she was very young.

*"And the Child goes out. . . ."*

Her husband shot himself with grief for her. She might have sung that song to him—who knows? The Child chokes and swallows her tears at the end of the song, and when she looks at Miss Salome she sees that her eyes, too, are full of tears.

"Oh, I have made you cry! I am sorry—so sorry!"

Miss Salome wipes her eyes.

"If I make my guests unhappy, they will not care to come again," she says. "Ring for Peter, dear child." So the Child taps the bell, and Peter comes gravely in with the beautiful silver tray, and in a flutter of delight the Child forgets the song and the picture. Miss Salome cuts the dark frosted cake, and dishes into glass plates the candied ginger, floating in syrup, and pours out cups of real tea. And the Fairy Princess is served with a banquet worthy of her dreams. Oh, to be at last in Miss Salome's mansion!

The clock chimes for half-past five. Heaven is over. She brushes the crumbs to a little heap on her gilt-rimmed plate.

"I must go, now, I think," she says with obvious effort. Her hostess smiles.

"But you will come next week?" she asks. And the Child's face lights up.

"Oh, yes! I'll surely come next week, *surely*," she replies with emphasis. So she goes around to Miss Salome's chair, and the beautiful ringed hand raises her face and strokes her little freckled cheek.

"Good-by, my Sunshine!" she says. The Child catches the hand in a rush of loving worship and kisses it.

"I will never be cross to William Searles again, never!" she cries. "I will be good to everybody—even to stupid people!" Miss Salome pinches her cheek and laughs.

And the Child goes out and down the steps of the terrace, rapt, wondering, lifted to a height of love and admiration that keeps her little soul to its sweetest, highest pitch for—ah, measure not the time, I beg you! The children who are older, how long do the glow and the flush remain with them? They can only say, "There will be another!" and wait for it as well and patiently as may be.

The Child goes back to the life of everyday, and embroiders its dull web with eyes of peacocks and sifts into it the scent of sandal-wood, and sets its weaving to the tune of ballads, quaint and sweet. Yet she has taken into another's web, unknowing, a tiny scarlet thread of happiness, that weaves through the tarnished cloth of silver and blesses the pattern as it grows. And the Master of the Looms has planned it all.

# SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

By Clara Morris.

IN glancing back over two crowded and busy seasons, one figure stands out with clearness and beauty. In his case only (so far as my personal knowledge goes), there was nothing derogatory to dignity or to manhood in being called beautiful, for he was that bud of splendid promise blasted to the core, before its full triumphant blooming—known to the world as a madman and an assassin, but to the profession as "that unhappy boy"—John Wilkes Booth.

He was so young, so bright, so gay—so kind. I could not have known him well; of course, too—there are two or three different people in every man's skin; yet when we remember that stars are not generally in the habit of showing their brightest, their best side to the company at rehearsal, we cannot help feeling both respect and liking for the one who does.

There are not many men who can receive a gash over the eye in a scene at night, without at least a momentary outburst of temper; but when the combat between Richard and Richmond was being rehearsed, Mr. Booth had again and again urged Mr. McCollom (that six-foot tall and handsome leading-man, who entrusted me with the care of his watch during such encounters) to come on hard! to come on hot! hot, old fellow! harder—faster! He'd take the chance of a blow—if only they could make a hot fight of it!

And Mr. McCollom, who was a cold man, at night became nervous in his effort to act like a fiery one—he forgot he had struck the full number of head blows, and when Booth was pantingly expecting a thrust, McCollom, wielding his sword with both hands, brought it down with awful force fair across Booth's forehead; a cry of horror rose, for in one moment his face was masked in blood, one eyebrow was cleanly cut through—there came simultaneously one deep groan from Richard and the exclamation: "Oh, good God! good God!" from Richmond, who stood shaking like a leaf and staring at his work. Then Booth, flinging the blood from his eyes with his left hand, said as genially as man could speak: "That's all right, old man! never mind me—only come on hard, for God's sake, and save the fight!"

Which he resumed at once, and though he was perceptibly weakened, it required the sharp order of Mr. Ellsler, to "ring the first curtain bell," to force him to bring the fight to a close, a single blow shorter than usual. Then there was a running to and fro, with ice and vinegar-paper and raw steak and raw oysters. When the doctor had placed a few stitches where they were most required, he laughingly declared there was provision enough in the room to start a restaurant. Mr. McCollom came to try to apologize—to explain, but Booth would have none of it; he held out his hand, crying: "Why, old fellow, you look as if *you* had lost the blood. Don't worry—now if my eye had gone, that *would* have been bad!" and so with light words he tried to set the unfortunate man at ease, and though he must have suffered much mortification as well as pain from the eye—that in spite of all endeavors would blacken—he never made a sign.

He was, like his great elder brother, rather lacking in height, but his head and throat, and the manner of their rising from his shoulders, were truly beautiful. His coloring was unusual—the ivory pallor of his skin, the inky blackness of his densely thick hair, the heavy lids of his glowing eyes were all Oriental, and they gave a touch of mystery to his face when it fell into gravity—but there was generally a flash of white teeth behind his silky moustache, and a laugh in his eyes.

One thing I shall never cease to admire him for. When a man has placed a clean and honest name in his wife's care for life, about the most stupidly wicked use she can make of it is as a signature to a burst of amatory flattery addressed to an unknown actor—who will despise her for her trouble. Some women may shrivel as though attacked with "peach-leaf curl," when they hear how these silly letters are sometimes passed about and laughed at. "No gentleman would so betray a confidence!" Of course not; but once, when I made that remark to an actor, who was then flaunting the food his vanity fed

upon, he roughly answered: "And no *lady* would so address an unknown man—she cast away her right to respectful consideration when she thrust that letter in the box." That was brutal; but there are those who think like him this very day, and oh, foolish tamperers with fire—who act like him!

Now it is scarcely exaggeration to say the sex was in love with John Booth—the name Wilkes being apparently unknown to his family and close friends. At depot restaurants those fiercely unwilling maiden slammers of the plates and shooters of coffee cups made to him swift and gentle offerings of hot steaks, hot biscuits, hot coffee—crowding about him like doves about a grain basket, leaving other travelers to wait upon themselves or go without refreshment. At the hotels maids had been known to enter his room and tear asunder the already made-up bed, that the "turn-over" might be broader by a thread or two, and both pillows slant at the perfectly correct angle. At the theater—good heaven! as the sunflowers turn upon their stalks to follow the beloved sun, so, old or young—our faces smiling—turned to him. Yes, old or young; for the little daughter of the manager, who played but the Duke of York in "Richard III," came to the theater each day, each night of the engagement, arrayed in her best gowns, and turned on him fervid eyes that might well have served for Juliet. The manager's wife, whose sternly aggressive virtue no one could doubt or question, with aid of art waved and fluffed her hair, and softened thus her too hard line of brow, and let her keen black eyes fill with friendly sparkles for us all—yet, 'twas because of him. And when the old woman made to threaten him with her finger, and he caught her lifted hand and, uncovering his bonnie head, stooped and kissed it—then came the wanton blood up in her cheek, as she had been a girl again.

His letters then from flirtatious women, and alas! girls, you may well believe were legion; a cloud used to gather upon his face at sight of them. I have, of course, no faintest idea that he lived the godly, righteous, and sober life that is enjoined upon us all, but I do remember with respect that this idolized man, when the letters were many and rehearsal already on, would carefully cut off every signature and utterly destroy them, then pile the unread letters up and—I don't know what their final end was, but he remarked with knit brows as he caught me watching him at his work one morning: "They," pointing to the pile of mutilated letters, "they are harmless now, little one—their sting lies in the tail!" and when a certain free-and-easy actor laughingly picked up a very elegantly written note, and said: "I can read it, can't I, now the signature is gone?" he answered, shortly: "The woman's folly is no excuse for our knavery—lay the letter down, please!"

I played the "Player-Queen" to my great joy, and in the "Marble Heart" I was one of the group of three statues in the first act. We were supposed to represent Lais, Aspasia, and Phryne, and when we read the cast I glanced at the other girls (we were not strikingly handsome) and remarked, gravely: "Well, it's a comfort to know that we look so like the three beautiful Grecians."

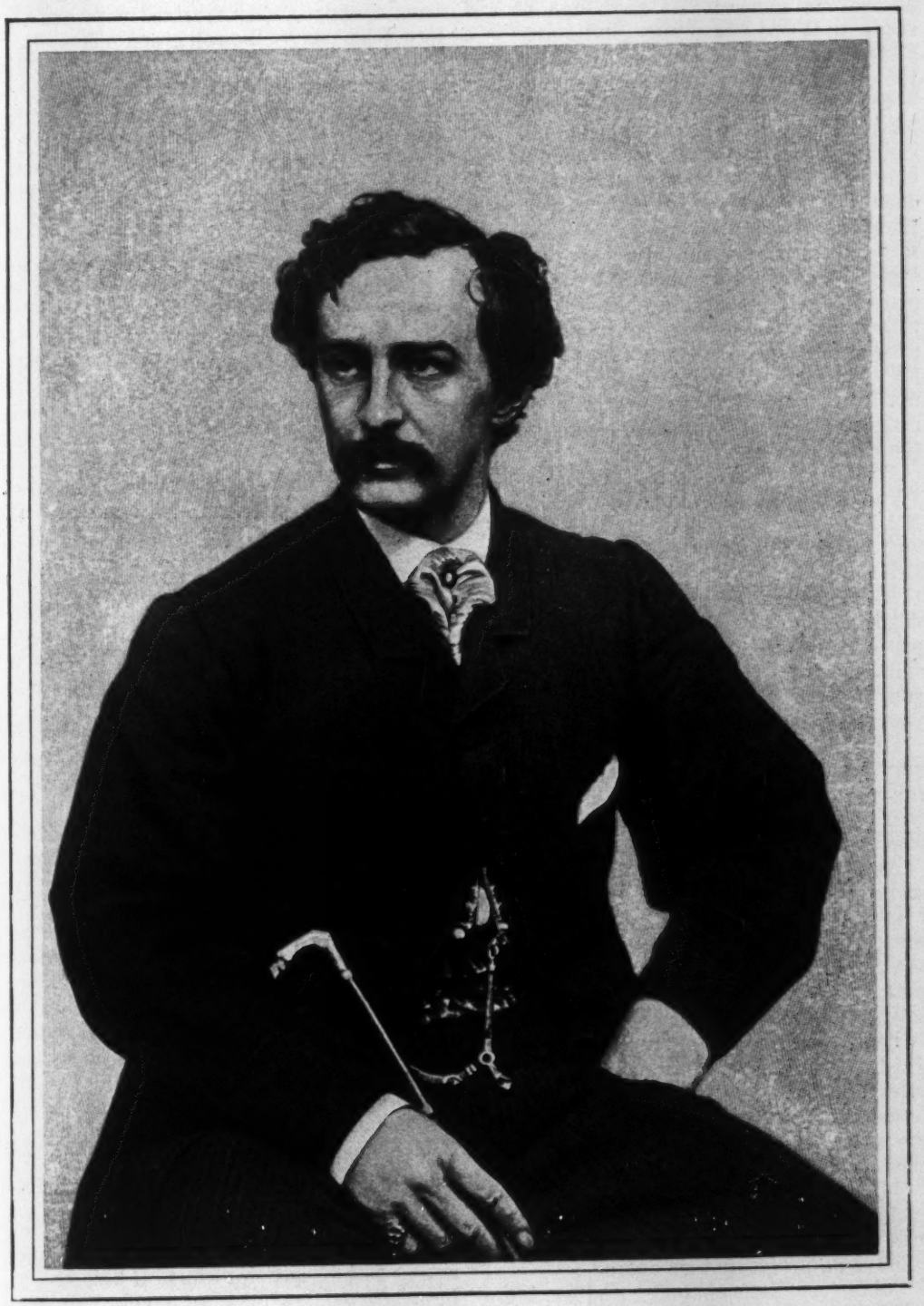
A laugh at our backs brought us around suddenly to face Mr. Booth, who said to me: "You satirical little wretch, how do you come to know these Grecian ladies? Perhaps you have the advantage of them in being all beautiful within?"

"I wish it would strike outward then," I answered. "You know it's always best to have things come to the surface!"

"I know some very precious things are hidden from common sight; and I know, too, you caught my meaning in the first place. Good night!" and he left us.

We had been told to descend to the stage at night with our white robes hanging free and straight, that Mr. Booth himself might drape them as we stood upon the pedestal. It really is a charming picture—that of the statues in the first act. Against a backing of black velvet the three white figures, carefully posed, strongly lighted, stand out so marble-like that when they slowly turn their faces and point to their chosen master, the effect is uncanny enough to chill the looker-on.

Well, with white wigs, white tights, and white robes, and half strangled with the powder we had inhaled in our efforts to make our lips stay white, we cautiously descended the stairs—we dared not talk, we dared not blink our eyes, for fear of disturbing the coat of powder—we were lifted to the pedestal and took our places as we expected to stand. Then Mr. Booth came—such a picture in his Greek garments as made even the men exclaim at him—and began to pose us. It happened one of us had very good limbs, one medium good, and the third had, apparently, walked on broom-sticks. When Mr.



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

*From a photograph in the possession of Miss Clara Morris.*

Booth slightly raised the drapery of No. 3 his features gave a twist as though he had suddenly tasted lemon-juice, but quick as a flash he said: "I believe I'll advance you to the center for the stately and wise Aspasia," —the central figure wore her draperies hanging straight to her feet, hence the "advance" and consequent concealment of the unlovely limbs. It was quickly and kindly done, for the girl was not only spared mortification, but in the word "advance" she saw a compliment and was happy accordingly. Then my turn came. My arms were placed about Aspasia, my head bent and turned and twisted—my right hand curved upon my breast so that the forefinger touched my chin—I felt I was a personified simper; but I was silent and patient, until the arrangement of my draperies began—then I squirmed anxiously.

"Take care—take care!" he cautioned. "You will sway the others if you move!" But in spite of the risk of my marble make-up I faintly groaned: "Oh dear! must it be like that?"

Regardless of the pins in the corner of his mouth he burst into laughter, and, taking a photograph from the bosom of his Greek shirt, he said: "I expected a protest from you, Miss, so I came prepared—don't move your head, but just look at this."

He held the picture of a group of statuary up to me. "This is you on the right. It's not so dreadful; now, is it?" And I cautiously murmured: "That if I wasn't any worse than that I wouldn't mind."

And so we were all satisfied, and our statue scene was very successful. Next morning I saw Mr. Booth come running out of the theater on his way to the telegraph office at the corner, and right in the middle of the walk, staring about him, stood a child—a small roamer of the stony streets, who had evidently got far enough beyond his native ward to arouse misgivings as to his personal safety, and at the very moment he stopped to consider matters Mr. Booth dashed out of the stage-door and added to his bewilderment by capsizing him completely.

"Oh, good lord! Baby, are you hurt?" exclaimed Mr. Booth, pausing instantly to pick up the dirty, tousled small heap and stand it on its bandy legs again.

"Don't cry, little chap!" And the aforesaid little chap not only ceased to cry, but gave him a damp and grimy smile, at which the actor bent towards him quickly, but paused, took out his handkerchief, and first carefully wiping the dirty little nose and mouth, stooped and kissed him heartily, put some change in each freckled paw, and continued his run to the telegraph office.

He knew of no witness to the act. To kiss a pretty, clean child under the approving eyes of mamma might mean nothing but politeness, but surely it required the prompting of a warm and tender heart to make a young and thoughtless man feel for and caress such a dirty, forlorn bit of babyhood as that.

Of his work I suppose I was too young and too ignorant to judge correctly, but I remember well hearing the older members of the company express their opinions. Mr. Ellsler, who had been on terms of friendship with the elder Booth, was delighted with the promise of his work. He greatly admired Edwin's intellectual power, his artistic care; but "John," he cried, "has more of the old man's power in one performance than Edwin can show in a year. He has the fire, the dash, the touch of strangeness. He often produces unstudied effects at night. I question him: 'Did you rehearse that business to-day, John?' He answers: 'No; I didn't rehearse it, it just came to me in the scene and I couldn't help doing it, but it went all right, didn't it?' Full of impulse just now, like a colt, his heels are in the air nearly as often as his head, but wait a year or two till he gets used to the harness and quiets down a bit, and you will see as great an actor as America can produce!"

And by the way, speaking of Mr. Ellsler and the elder Booth, I am reminded that I have in my possession a letter from the latter to the former. It is written in a rather cramped hand that carries the address and the marks of the red wafers, as that was before the appearance of envelopes, and it informs Mr. Ellsler that he, "Junius Brutus Booth, will play a star engagement of one week"—for the sum of how many dollars? If it were not unguessable I should insist upon your guessing, but that would not be fair, so here it is: "for the sum of $300;" and wants to know, "How many and what plays he is desired to do that he may select his wardrobe."

Think of it—the mighty father of our Edwin asking but $300 for a week of such acting as he could do, which, if this bright, light-hearted boy was so much like him, must have been brilliant indeed.

One morning, going on the stage where a group were talking with John Wilkes, I heard him say: "No; oh, no! There's but one Hamlet to my mind—that's my brother

Edwin. You see, between ourselves, he *is* Hamlet—melancholy and all!"

That was an awful time, when the dread news came to us. We were in Columbus, Ohio. We had been horrified by the great crime at Washington. My room-mate and I had, from our small earnings, bought some black cotton at a tripled price, as all the black material in the city was not sufficient to meet the demand; and as we tacked it about our one window, a man passing told us the assassin had been discovered, and that he was the actor Booth. Hattie laughed so she nearly swallowed the tack that, girl-like, she held between her lips, and I, after a laugh, told him it was a poor subject for a jest, and we went in. There was no store in Columbus then where play-books were sold, and as Mr. Ellsler had a very large and complete stage library, he frequently lent his books to us, and we would hurriedly copy out our lines and return the book for his own use. On that occasion he was going to study his part first and then leave the play with us as he passed, going home. We heard his knock. I was busy pressing a bit of stage finery. Hattie opened the door, and then I heard her exclaiming: "Why—why—what!" I turned quickly. Mr. Ellsler was coming slowly into the room. He is a very dark man, but he was perfectly livid then—his lips even were blanched to the whiteness of his cheeks. His eyes were dreadful, they were so glassy and seemed so unseeing. He was devoted to his children, and all I could think of as likely to bring such a look upon his face was disaster to one of them, and I cried, as I drew a chair to him: "What is it? Oh, what has happened to them?"

He sank down—he wiped his brow—he looked almost stupidly at me; then, very faintly, he said: "You—haven't—heard—anything?"

Like a flash Hattie's eyes and mine met. We thought of the supposed ill-timed jest of the stranger. My lips moved wordlessly. Hattie stammered: "A man—he—lied though—said that Wi-lkes Boo-th—but he did lie—didn't he?" and in the same faint voice Mr. Ellsler answered slowly: "No—no! he did not lie—it's true!"

Down fell our heads, and the waves of shame and sorrow seemed fairly to overwhelm us; and while our sobs filled the little room, Mr. Ellsler rose and laid two play-books on the table. Then, while standing there, staring into space, I heard his far, faint voice saying: "So great—so good a man destroyed, and by the hand of that unhappy boy! my God! my God!" He wiped his brow again and slowly left the house, apparently unconscious of our presence.

When we resumed our work—the theater had closed because of the national calamity—many a painted cheek showed runnels made by bitter tears, and one old actress, with quivering lips, exclaimed: "One woe doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow!" but with no thought of quoting, and God knows, the words expressed the situation perfectly.

Mrs. Ellsler, whom I never saw shed a tear for any sickness, sorrow, or trouble of her own, shed tears for the mad boy, who had suddenly become the assassin of God's anointed—the great, the blameless Lincoln.

We crept about, quietly. Every one winced at the sound of the overture. It was as if one dead lay within the walls—one who belonged to us.

When the rumors about Booth being the murderer proved to be authentic, the police feared a possible outbreak of mob feeling, and a demonstration against the theater building, or against the actors individually; but we had been a decent, law-abiding, well-behaved people—liked and respected—so we were not made to suffer for the awful act of one of our number. Still, when the mass-meeting was held in front of the Capitol, there was much anxiety on the subject, and Mr. Ellsler urged all the company to keep away from it, lest their presence might arouse some ill-feeling. The crowd was immense, the sun had gloomed over, and the Capitol building, draped in black, loomed up with stern severity and that massive dignity only attained by heavily columned buildings. The people surged like waves about the speakers' stand, and the policemen glanced anxiously toward the not far away new theater, and prayed that some bombastic, revengeful ruffian might not crop up from this mixed crowd of excited humanity to stir them to violence.

Three speakers, however, in their addresses had confined themselves to eulogizing the great Dead. In life Mr. Lincoln had been abused by many—in death he was worshiped by all; and these speakers found their words of love and sorrow eagerly listened to, and made no harsh allusions to the profession from which the assassin sprang. And then an unknown man clambered up from the crowd to the portico platform and began to speak, without asking any one's permission.

He had a far-reaching voice—he had fire and "go."

"Here's the fellow to look out for!" said the policemen; and, sure enough, suddenly the dread word "theater" was tossed into the air, and every one was still in a moment, waiting for—what? I don't know what they hoped for—I do know what many feared; but this is what he said: "Yes, look over at our theater and think of the little body of men and women there, who are to-day sore-hearted and cast down; who feel that they are looked at askant, because one of their number has committed that hideous crime! Think of what they have to bear of shame and horror, and spare for them, too, a little pity!"

He paused. It had been a bold thing to do—to appeal for consideration for actors at such a time. The crowd swayed for a moment to and fro, a curious growling came from it, and then all heads turned toward the theater. A faint cheer was given, and afterwards there was not the slightest allusion made to us—and verily we were grateful.

That the homely, tender-hearted "Father Abraham"—rare combination of courage, justice, and humanity—died at an actor's hand, will be a grief, a horror, and a shame to the profession forever; yet I cannot believe that John Wilkes Booth was "the leader of a band of bloody conspirators"!

Who shall draw a line and say: here genius ends and madness begins? There was that touch of—strangeness. In Edwin it was a profound melancholy; in John it was an exaggeration of spirit—almost a wildness. There was the natural vanity of the actor, too, who craves a dramatic situation in real life. There was his passionate love and sympathy for the South—why, he was "easier to be played on than a pipe."

Undoubtedly he conspired to kidnap the President—that would appeal to him; but after that I truly believe he was a tool—certainly he was no leader. Those who led him knew his courage, his belief in Fate, his loyalty to his friends; and, because they knew these things, he drew the lot, as it was meant he should from the first. Then, half mad, he accepted the part Fate cast him for—committed the monstrous crime, and paid the awful price. And since

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform,"

we venture to pray for His mercy upon the guilty soul who may have repented and confessed his manifold sins and offences during those awful hours of suffering before the end came.

And "God shutteth not up His mercies forever in displeasure!" We can only shiver and turn our thoughts away from the bright light that went out in such utter darkness. Poor, guilty, unhappy John Wilkes Booth!

## HOME.

By Paul Kester.

I WANT to go home
To the dull old town
With the shaded streets
And the open square
And the hill
And the flats
And the house I love
And the paths I know—
I want to go home.
If I can't go back
To the happy days,
Yet I can live
Where their shadows lie,
Under the trees
And over the grass—
I want to be there
Where the joy was once.
Oh, I want to go home,
I want to go home.

# THE KING a-begging.

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LITERARY ambition has before now led men into difficulties. The King had completed a poem in thirteen stanzas, entitled "The Beggar Man," and the prime requisite of a completed poem is an audience to listen to it. In spite of the fact that he wrote poetry, the King was a sensible person, and he knew that if he read his verses to the Court the members thereof were not the persons to criticize adequately the merits of such a composition; for you cannot expect a high noble—who, if he ever notices a beggar, merely does so to throw a curse at him, or lay the flat of his sword over his shoulders—to appreciate a poem which celebrates the free life led by a mendicant.

The King was well aware that he would receive ample praise for his production; kings' goods are ever the best in the market, and though, like every other literary man, it was praise and not criticism that James wanted, still he preferred to have that praise from the lips of one who knew something of the life he tried to sing; therefore, as evening came on, the monarch dressed himself in his farmer costume, and, taking his thirteen stanzas with him, paid a cautious visit to his friend the Cobbler, in the lower town of Stirling.

The Cobbler listened with an attention which was in itself flattering, and paid his royal visitor the additional compliment of asking him to repeat certain of the verses, which the King in his own heart thought were the best; then when the thirteenth stanza was arrived at, with the "No-that-bad" commendation which is dear to the heart of the chary Scotchman, be he of high or low degree, Flemming continued:

"They might be worse, and we've had many a poet of great reputation in Scotland who would not be ashamed to father them. But I'm thinking you paint the existence of a beggar in brighter colors than the life itself warrants."

"No, no, Flemming," protested the King, earnestly. "I'm convinced that only the beggar knows what true contentment is. You see he begins at the very bottom of the ladder and every step he takes must be a step upward. Now imagine a man at the top, like myself; any move I make in the way of changing my condition must be downward. A beggar is the real king, and a king is but a beggar, for he holds his position by the favor of others. You see, Flemming, anything a beggar gets is so much to the good, and, as he has nothing to lose, not even his head—for who would send a beggar to the block?—he must needs be therefore the most contented man on the face of the footstool."

"Oh, that's maybe true enough," replied Flemming, set in his own notion, notwithstanding it was the King who opposed him; "but look you, what a scope a beggar has for envy, for there's nobody he meets that's not better off than himself."

"You go to extremes, Flemming. An envious man is unhappy wherever you place him; but I'm speaking of ordinary persons like ourselves, with charity and good will to all their fellow-kind. That man, I say, is happier as a beggar than as a king."

"Well, in so far as concerns myself, your Majesty, I'd like to be sure of a roof over my head when the rain's coming down, and of that a beggar never can be. A king or a cobbler has a place to lay his head, at any rate."

"Aye," admitted the King; "but sometimes that place is the block. To tell you the truth, Flemming, I'm thinking of taking a week at the begging myself. A poet should have practical knowledge of the subject about which he writes. Give me a week on the road, Flemming, and I'll write you a poem on beggary that will get warmer praise from you than this has had."

"I give your rhyming the very highest praise, and say that Gavin Douglas himself might have been proud to put those lines together."

To this the King made no reply, and the Cobbler looking up at him saw that a frown had collected on his brow, and then he remembered, as usual a trifle late, James's hatred of the Douglas name—a hatred that had been honestly earned by the Earl of Angus, head of that clan. Flemming was learning that it was as dangerous to praise as to criticize a king. With native caution, however, the cobbler took no notice of his Majesty's displeasure, but added an amendment to his first statement.

"It would perhaps be more truthful to say that the verses were worthy of Sir David Lyndsay; in fact, although Sir David is a greater poet than Gavin Douglas, I doubt very much if in his happiest moments he could have equaled 'The Beggar Man.'"

In mentioning Sir David Lyndsay, Flemming had named the King's greatest friend, and the Cobbler's desire to please could not have escaped the notice of a man much less shrewd than was James the Fifth. The King rose to his feet, checking a laugh.

"Man, Flemming," he said, "I wonder at you! Have you forgotten that Sir David Lyndsay married Janet Douglas?"

The palpable dismay on the Cobbler's countenance caused the young man to laugh outright.

"The Cobbler should stick to his honesty, and not endeavor to tread on the slippery path of courtiership. Flemming, if I wanted flattery I could get that up at the Castle. I come down here for something better. If anything I could write were half so good as Sir David's worst I should be a pleased man. But I'm learning, Flemming; I'm learning. This very day some of my most powerful nobles have presented me with a respectful petition. A year ago I should have said 'No' before they had got to the signatures of it, but now I have thanked them for their attention to affairs of State, although between me and you and that bench, Flemming, it's a pure matter of their own greed and selfishness; but I have told them I will give the subject my deepest consideration, and that they shall have their answer this day fortnight. Is not that the wisdom of the serpent combined with the harmlessness of the dove?"

"It is indeed," agreed the Cobbler.

"Very well; to-morrow it shall be given out that this petition will occupy my mind for at least a week, and during that time the King is invisible to all comers, high or low. To-morrow, Flemming, you'll get me as clean a suit of beggar's rags as you can lay your hands on. I'll come down here as the Master of Ballengeich, and leave these farmer's clothes in your care. I shall pass from this door as a beggar, and come back to it in the same condition a week or ten days hence, so see that you're on hand to receive me."

"Does your Majesty intend to go alone?"

"Entirely alone, Flemming. Bless me, do you imagine I would tramp the country as a beggar with a troop of horse at my back?"

"Your Majesty would be wise to think twice on such a project," warned the Cobbler.

"Oh, well, I've doubled the number; I've thought four times about it—once when I was writing the poem, and three times while you were raising objections to my assertion that the beggar is the happiest man on earth."

"If your Majesty's mind is fixed, then there's no more to be said, but take my advice and put a belt round your body with a number of gold pieces in it, for the time may come when you'll want a horse in a hurry, and perhaps you may be even refused lodgings when you greatly need them; in either case a few gold rascals will stand your friend."

"That's canny counsel, Flemming, and I'll act on it."

"And perhaps it might be as well to leave, with some one in whom you have confidence, instructions so that you could be communicated with if your presence was needed hurriedly at Stirling."

"No, no, Flemming. Nothing can go wrong in a week. A beggar with a string tied to his legs that some one in Stirling can pull at his pleasure is not a real beggar, but a slave. If they should want me sorely in Stirling before I return, they'll think the more of me once I am back."

And thus it came about that the King of Scotland, with a belt of gold around his waist in case of need, and garments concealing the belt which gave little indication that anything worth a robber's care was under-

neath, tramped the high roads and by-ways of a part of Scotland, finding in general a welcome wherever he went, for he could tell a story that would bring a laugh, and sing a song that would bring the tear, and all such rarely starve or lack shelter in this sympathetic world.

Only once did he feel himself in danger, and that was on what he thought to be the last day of his tramp, for in the evening he expected to reach the lower town of Stirling, even though he came to it late in the night. But the weather of Scotland always has something to say to the pedestrian, and it delights in oversetting his plans. He was still more than two leagues from his Castle, and the dark Forest of Torwood lay between him and Royal Stirling, when towards the end of a lowering day there came up over the hills to the west one of the fiercest storms he had ever beheld, which drove him for shelter to a wayside inn on the outskirts of the forest. The place of shelter was low and forbidding enough, but needs must when a Scottish storm drives, and the King burst in on a drinking company, bringing a swirl of rain and a blast of wind with him; so fierce in truth was the wind that one of the drinkers had to spring to his feet and put his shoulder to the door before the King could get it closed again. He found but scant welcome in the company. Those seated on the benches by the fire scowled at him, and the landlord seeing he was but a beggar, did not limit his displeasure to so silent a censure.

"What in the fiend's name," he cried angrily, "does the like of you want in here?"

The King nonchalantly shook the water from his rags and took a step nearer the fire.

IACOBVS.V,REX ,SCOTORVM.

"That is a very unnecessary question, landlord," said the young man with a smile; "nevertheless, I will answer it. I want shelter, in the first place, and food and drink as soon as you can bring them."

"Shelter you can have behind a stone dyke or in the forest," retorted his host, "food and drink are for those who can pay for it. Get you gone! You mar good company."

"In truth, landlord, your company is none to my liking, but I happen to prefer it to the storm. Food and drink, you say, are for those who can pay; you see one of them before you; therefore, sir, hasten to your duty, or it may be mine to hurry you unpleasantly."

This truculence on the part of a supposed beggar had not the effect one might have expected it to have of increasing the boisterousness of the landlord. That individual well knew that many beggars were better able to pay their way than was he himself when he took to journeying, so he replied more civilly:

"I'll take your order for a meal when I have seen the color of your money."

"Quite right," said the King, "and only fair Scottish caution." Then with a lack of that quality he had just commended, he drew his belt out from under his coat, and taking a gold piece from it, threw the coin on the table.

The entrance of the King and the manner of his reception exposed him to the danger almost sure to attend the display of so much wealth in so forbidding a company. A moment later he realized the jeopardy in which his rashness had placed him, by the significant glances which the half dozen rough men there seated gave to each other. He was alone and unarmed in a disreputable bothy

on the edge of a forest, well known as the refuge of desperate characters. He wished that he had even one of the sharp knives belonging to his friend the Cobbler, so that he might defend himself. However, the evil was done, if evil it was, and there was no help for it. James was never a man to cross a bridge before he came to it, so he set himself down to the steaming venison brought for his refreshment, and made no inquiry as to whether it was poached or not, being well aware that any question in that direction was as unnecessary as had been the landlord's first query to himself. He was young. His appetite, at all times of the best, was sharpened by his journey, and the ale, poor as it was, seemed to him the finest brew he had ever tasted. The landlord was now all obsequiousness, and told the begger he could command the best in the house.

When it came time to retire, his host brought the King by a ladder to a loft which occupied the whole length of the building, and muttered something about the others sleeping here as well, but thanked Heaven there was room enough for an army.

"This will not do for me," said the beggar coming down again. "I'll take to the storm first. What is this chamber leading out from the tap-room?"

"That is my own," replied the landlord, with some return of his old incivility, "and I'll give it up to no beggar."

The King, without answering, opened the

"'IN TRUTH, LANDLORD, YOUR COMPANY IS NONE TO MY LIKING, BUT I HAPPEN TO PREFER IT TO THE STORM.'"

"FIVE TO ONE."

door of the chamber and found himself in a room that could be barricaded. Taking a light with him he examined it more minutely.

"Is this matchlock loaded?" he asked, pointing to a clumsy gun, which had doubtless caused the death of more than one deer in the forest.

The landlord answered in surly fashion that it was, but the King tested the point for himself.

"Now," he said, "I rest here, and you will see that I am not disturbed. Any man who attempts to enter this room gets the contents of this gun in him, and I'll trust to my two daggers to take care of the rest."

He had no dagger with him, but he spoke for the benefit of the company in the taproom. Something in his resolute manner seemed to impress the landlord, who grumbled, muttering half to himself and half to his companions, but he nevertheless retired, leaving the King alone, whereupon James barricaded the door, and afterward slept unmolested the sleep of a tired man, until broad day woke him.

Wonderful is the change wrought in a man's feelings by a fair morning. A new day; a new lease of life. The recurrent morning must have been contrived to give discouraged humanity a fresh chance. The

King, amazed to find that he had slept so soundly in spite of the weight of apprehension on his mind the night before, discovered this apprehension to be groundless in the clear light of the new day. The sulky villains of the tap-room were now honest fellows who would harm no one, and James laughed aloud at his needless fears; the loaded matchlock in the corner giving no hint of its influence towards a peaceful night. The landlord seemed, indeed, a most civil person, who would be the last to turn a penniless man from his door. James, over his breakfast, asked what had become of the company, and his host replied that they were woodlanders; good lads in their way, but abashed before strangers. Some of them had gone to their affairs in the forest and others had proceeded to St. Ninians, to enjoy the hanging set for that day.

"And which way may your honor be journeying?" asked the innkeeper. "For I see that you are no beggar."

"I am no beggar at such an inhospitable house as this," replied the wayfarer, "but elsewhere I am a beggar, that is to say, the gold I come by is asked for and not earned."

"Ah, that's it! Is it?" said the other with a nod. "But for such a trade you need your weapons by your side."

"The deadliest weapons," rejoined the King mysteriously, "are not those always most plainly on view. The sting of the wasp is generally felt before it is seen."

The landlord was plainly disturbed by the intelligence he had received, and now made some ado to get the change for the gold piece, but his guest replied airily that it did not matter.

"With whatever's coming to me," he said, "feed the next beggar that applies to you on a rainy night with less at his belt to commend him than I have."

"Well, good-day to you and thank you," said the innkeeper. "If you're going Stirling way your road's straight through the forest, and when you come to St. Ninians you'll be in time to see a fine hanging, for they're throttling Baldy Hutchinson to-day, the biggest man between here and the border, yes and beyond it, I warrant."

"That will be interesting," said the King. "Good-day to you."

At the side of the wall, which ran from the end of the hostel and enclosed a bit of ground that appertained to it, James stooped ostensibly to tie his shoe, but in reality to learn if his late host made any move, for he suspected that the sinister company of the night before might not be so far away as the landlord had intimated. His stratagem was not without its reward. The back door opened and he heard the landlord say in a husky whisper to some one unseen: "Run, Jock, as fast's you can to the second turning in the road and tell Steenie and his men they'd best leave this chap alone; he's a robber himself."

The King smiled as he walked slowly north towards the forest and saw a bare-legged boy going at great speed across the fields to disappear at their margin. He resolved to give time for this message to arrive so that he might not be molested, and therefore sauntered at a more leisurely rate than a man usually begins a journey on an inspiring morning.

On entering the forest he relaxed no precaution, but kept to the middle of the road, with his stout stick ready in his hand. Whether Jock found his men or not he never learned, but at the second turning five stalwart ruffians fell upon him—two armed with knives and three with cudgels. The King's early athletic training was to be put to a practical test. His first action was to break the wrist of one of the scoundrels who held a knife, but before he could pay attention to any of the others he had received two or three resounding blows from the cudgels, and now was fully occupied warding off their strokes, backing down the road to keep them in front of him. His great agility gave him an advantage over the comparative clumsiness of the four yokels who pressed him, but he was well aware that an unguarded blow might lay him at their mercy. He was more afraid of the single knife than of the three clubs, and, springing through a fortunate opening, was delighted to crack the crown of the man who held the blade, stretching him helpless in the cart rut. The three remaining seemed in no way disheartened by the discomfiture of their comrades, but came on with greater fury. The King retreated and retreated to baffle their evident desire to get in his rear, and thus the fighting four came to the corner of the road that James, a short time before, had passed. One of the trio got in a nasty crack on the top of the beggar's bonnet, which brought him to his knees, and before he could recover a blow on the shoulder felled him. At this critical juncture there was a wild shout down the road, for the fighting party, in coming round the turn, had brought themselves within view of a sturdy pedestrian forging along at a great pace, which he nevertheless mar-

velously accelerated on seeing the *mêlée*. For a moment the dazed man on the ground thought that the landlord had come to his rescue, but it was not so. It seemed as if a remnant of the storm had come like a whirlwind among the aggressors, for the new

"Are you hurt?" asked the stranger.

"I'm not just sure yet," replied the King, removing his bonnet and rubbing the top of his head with a circular motion.

"Just a bit cloor on the croon," said the other in broad Lowland Scotch. "It stun-

"'DO YOU MEAN THAT YOU ARE GOING VOLUNTARILY TO YOUR OWN HANGING?'"

element in the fray with savage exclamations, which showed his delight in a tumult, scattered the enemy as a tornado drives before it the leaves of a forest. The King raised himself on his elbow and watched the gigantic stranger lay about him with a stick, while the five, with cries of terror, disappeared into the forest, for the prostrate villains had now recovered wind enough to run.

"Losh!" panted the giant, returning to the man on the road, "I wish I'd been here at the beginning."

"Thank goodness you came at the end," said the King, staggering unsteadily to his feet.

ners a man, but it's nothin' ava when ye can stan' on your ain feet."

"Oh, it's not the first time I've had to fight for my crown," said James with a laugh; "but five to one are odds a little more heavy than I care to encounter."

"Are ye able to walk on, for I'm in a bit o' a hurry, as ye'd have seen if your attention hadn't been turned to the north."

"Oh, quite able," replied the King as they strode along together.

"What's wrong wi' those scamps to lay on a poor beggar man?" asked the stranger.

"Nothing, except that the beggar man is not so poor as he looks, and has a belt of gold about him which he was foolish enough

to show last night at the inn where these lads were drinking."

"Then the lesson hasn't taught you much, or you wouldn't say that to a complete stranger in the middle of a black forest, and you alone with him—that is, unless they've succeeded in rieving the belt away from you?"

"No, they have not robbed me, and to show you that I am not such a fool as you take me for, I may add that the moment you came up I resolved to give to my rescuer every gold piece that is in my belt. So you see, if you thought of robbing me, there's little use in taking by force what a man is more than willing to give you of his own free will."

The giant threw back his head and the wood resounded with his laughter.

"What I have said seems to amuse you," said the King, not too well pleased at the boisterous merriment of his companion.

"It does that," replied the stranger, still struggling with his mirth; then striking the King on the shoulder he continued: "I suppose there is not another man in all broad Scotland to-day but me that wouldn't give the snap of his fingers for all the gold you ever carried."

"Then you must be wealthy," commented the King; "yet it can't be that, for the richest men I know are the greediest."

"No, it isn't that," rejoined the stranger; "but if you wander anywhere about this region you will understand what I mean when I tell you that I'm Baldy Hutchinson."

"Baldy Hutchinson!" echoed the King, wrinkling his brows in trying to remember where he had heard that name before; then with sudden enlightenment—

"What! not the man who is to be hanged to-day at St. Ninians?"

"The very same; so you see that all the gold ever minted is of little use to a man with a tightening rope round his neck;" and the comicality of the situation again overcoming Mr. Hutchinson, his robust sides shook once more with laughter.

The King stopped in the middle of the road and looked at his companion with amazement.

"Surely you are aware," he said at last, "that you are on the direct road to St. Ninians?"

"Surely, surely," replied Baldy, "and that reminds me that we must not stand yammering here, for there will be a great gathering there to see the hanging. All my friends are there now, and if I say it, who shouldn't, I've more friends than possibly any other man in this part of Scotland."

"But do you mean that you are going voluntarily to your own hanging? Bless my soul, man, turn in your tracks and make for across the border."

Hutchinson shook his head.

"If I had intended to do that," he said, "I could have saved myself many a long step yesterday and this morning, for I was a good deal nearer the border than I am at this moment. No, no; you see I have passed my word. The Sheriff gave me a week among my own friends to settle my worldly affairs, and bid the wife and the wains good-by. So I said to the Sheriff, 'I'm your man whenever you are ready for the hanging.' Now the word of Baldy Hutchinson has never been broken yet, and the Sheriff knew it, although, I must admit, he swithered long ere he trusted it on an occasion like this, but at last he said to me, 'Baldy,' says he, 'I'll take your plighted word. You've got a week before you, and you must just go and come as quietly as you can, and be here before the clock strikes twelve on Friday, for folk'll want to see you hanged before they have their dinners.' And that's what way I'm in such a hurry now, for I'm feared the farmers will be gathered, and that it will be difficult for me to place myself in the hands of the Sheriff without somebody getting to jalouse what has happened."

"I've heard many a strange tale," said the King, "but this beats anything in my experience."

"Oh, there's a great deal to be picked up by tramping the roads," said Hutchinson, sagely.

"What is your crime?" inquired his Majesty.

"Oh, the crime's neither here nor there. If they want to hang a man, they'll hang him, crime or no crime."

"But why should they want to hang a man with so many friends?"

"Well, you see, a man may have many friends and yet two or three powerful enemies. My crime, as you call it, is that I'm related to the Douglases; that's the real crime, but that's not what I'm to be hanged for. Oh, no; it's all done according to the legal satisfaction of the lawyers. I'm to be hanged for treason to the King; a right royal crime, that dubs a man a gentleman as much as if the King's sword slaps his bended neck; a crime that better men than me have often suffered for, and that many will suffer for yet ere kings are abolished, I'm thinking.

"'I AM JAMES, KING OF SCOTLAND. . . . THE KING REPRIEVES BALDY HUTCHINSON.'"

You see, as I said, I married into the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus let this young sprig of a king slip through his fingers, it was as much as one's very life was worth to whisper the name of Douglas. Now, I think the Earl of Angus a good man, and when he was driven to England, and the Douglases scattered far and wide by that rapscallion callant with a crown on his head, I, being an outspoken man, gave my opinion of the King, damn him, and there was plenty to report it. I did not deny it—indeed, I do not deny it to-day—therefore, my neck's like to be longer before the sun goes down."

"But surely," exclaimed the beggar, "they will not hang a man in Scotland for merely saying a hasty word against the King?"

"There's more happens in this realm than the King kens of, and all done in his name, too. But to speak truth, there was a bit extra against me as well. A wheen of the daft bodies in Stirling made up a bit of a plot to trap the King and put him in hiding for a while, until he listened to what they called reason. There were two weavers—and weavers are always plotting—a cobbler, and such like people in the plot, and they sent word would I come and help them. I was fool enough to write them a note and entrusted it to their messenger. I told them to leave the King alone until I came to Stirling, and then I would just nab him myself, put him under my oxter and walk down towards the border with him, for I knew that if they went on they'd but lose their silly heads. And so, wishing no harm to the King, I made my way to Stirling, but did not get within a mile of it, for they tripped me up

at St. Ninians, having captured my letter. So I was sentenced ; and it seems the King found out all about their plot, as I knew he would, and pardoned the men who were going to kidnap him, while, in his name, the man who wanted to stop such foolishness is to be hanged."

"That seems villainously unfair," said the beggar. "Didn't the eleven try to do anything for you?"

"How do you know there were eleven?" cried Hutchinson, turning round upon him.

"I thought you said eleven."

"Well, maybe I did, maybe I did ; yes, there was eleven of them. They never got my letter. Their messenger was a traitor, as is usually the case, and merely told them I would have nothing to do with their foolish venture, and that brings me to the point I have been coming to. You see, although I would keep my word in any case, yet I'm not so feared to approach St. Ninians as another man might be. Young Jimmy, the King, seems to have more sense in his noddle than he gets credit for. Some of his forbears would have snapped off the heads of that eleven without thinking more of the matter, but he seems to have recognized they were but poor silly bodies, and so let them go. Now the moment they set me at liberty, a week since, I got a messenger I could trust, and sent him to the Cobbler, Flemming by name. I told Flemming I was to be hanged, but he had still a week to get me a reprieve. I asked him to go to the King and tell him the whole truth of the matter ; so I'm thinking that a pardon will be on the scaffold there before me. Still, the disappointment of the hundreds waiting to see the hanging will be great."

"Good God!" cried the beggar aghast, stopping dead in the middle of the road and regarding his comrade with horror.

"What's wrong with you?" asked the big man, stopping also.

"Has it never occurred to you that the King may be away from the Palace, and no one in the place able to find him ?"

"No one able to find the King of Scotland ? That's an unheard-of thing."

"Listen to me, Hutchinson. Let us avoid St. Ninians, and go direct to Stirling ; it's only a mile or two further on. Let us see the Cobbler before running your neck into a noose."

"But, man, the Cobbler will be at St. Ninians, either with a pardon or to see me hanged, like the good friend he is."

"There will be no pardon at St. Ninians. Let us to Stirling ; let us to Stirling. I know that the King has not been at home for a week past."

"How can you know that ?"

"Never mind how I know it. Will you do what I tell you ?"

"Not I, I'm a lad o' my word."

"Then you are a doomed man. I tell you the King has not been in Stirling since you left St. Ninians." Then with a burst of impatience James cried, "You stubborn fool, I am the King."

At first the big man seemed inclined to laugh, and he looked over the beggar from top to toe, but presently an expression of pity overspread his countenance, and he spoke soothingly to his comrade.

"Yes, yes, my man," he said, "I knew you were the King from the very first. Just sit down on this stone for a minute, and let me examine that clip you got on the top of the head. I fear me it's worse than I thought it was."

"Nonsense," cried the King, "my head is right enough ; it is yours that is gone aglee."

"True enough, true enough," continued Hutchinson mildly, in the tone that he would have used toward a fractious child, "and you are not the first that's said it. But let us get on to St. Ninians."

"No, let us make direct for Stirling."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," continued Hutchinson, in the same tone of exasperating tolerance. "I'll to St. Ninians and let them know the King's pardon's coming. You'll trot along to Stirling, put on your King's clothes, and then come and set me free. That's the way we'll arrange it, my mannie."

The King made a gesture of despair, but remained silent, and they walked rapidly down the road together. They had quit the forest, and the village of St. Ninians was now in view. As they approached the place more nearly, Hutchinson was pleased to see that a great crowd had gathered to view the hanging. He seemed to take this as a personal compliment to himself ; as an evidence of his popularity.

The two made their way to the back of the great assemblage, where a few soldiers guarded an inclosure within which were the anxious Sheriff and his minor officials.

"Bless me, Baldy!" cried the Sheriff in a tone of great relief, "I thought you had given me the slip."

"Ye thought naething o' the kind, Sheriff," rejoined Baldy, complacently. "I said I would be here, and here I am."

"You are just late enough," grumbled the Sheriff. "The people have been waiting this two hours."

"They'll think it all the better when they see it," commented Baldy. "I was held back a bit on the road. Has there no message come from the King?"

"Could you expect it, when the crime's treason?" asked the Sheriff impatiently.

"'HALT, SIR DONALD!'"

"But there's been a cobbler here that's given me more bother than twenty kings, and cannot be pacified. He says the King's away from Stirling, and this execution must be put by for another ten days, which is impossible."

"Allow me a word in your ear privately," said the beggar to the Sheriff.

"I'll see you after the job's done," replied the badgered man. "I have no more places to give away; you must just stand your chances with the mob."

Baldy put his open hand to the side of his mouth and whispered to the Sheriff:

"This beggar man," he said, "has been misused by a band of thieves in Torwood Forest."

"I cannot attend to that now," rejoined the Sheriff, with increasing irritation.

"No, no," continued Baldy, suavely, "it's no that, but he's got a frightful dunner on the top o' the head, and he thinks he's the King."

"I *am* the King," cried the beggar, overhearing the last word of caution, "and I warn you, sir, that you proceed with this execution at your peril. I am James of Scotland, and I forbid the hanging."

At this moment there broke through the

insufficient military guard a wild, unkempt figure, whose appearance caused trepidation to the already much-tried Sheriff.

"There's the crazy Cobbler again," he moaned dejectedly. "Now the fat's all in the fire. I think I'll hang the three of them, trial or no trial."

"Oh, your Majesty!" cried the Cobbler, and it was hard to say which of the two was the more disreputable in appearance, "this man Hutchinson is innocent. You will surely not allow the hanging to take place, now you are here."

"I'll not allow it, if I can prevent it, and can get this fool of a Sheriff to listen."

"Fool of a Sheriff! say you," stuttered that official in rising anger. "Here, guard, take these two ragamuffins into custody, and see that they are kept there safely till this hanging's done with. Hutchinson, get up on the scaffold; this is all your fault. Hangman, do your duty."

Baldy Hutchinson, begging the Cobbler to make no further trouble, mounted the steps leading to the platform, the hangman close behind him. Before the guard could lay hands on the King he sprang also up the steps, and took a place on the outward edge of the scaffold. Raising his hand, he demanded silence.

"I am James, King of Scotland," he proclaimed in stentorian tones. "I command you as loyal subjects to depart to your homes. There will be no execution to-day. The King reprieves Baldy Hutchinson."

The Cobbler stood at the King's back, and when he had ended lifted his voice and shouted:

"God save the King!"

The mob heard the announcement in silence, and then a roar of laughter followed, as they gazed at the two tattered figures on the edge of the platform. But the laughter was followed by an ominous howl of rage, as they understood that they were to be cheated of a spectacle.

"Losh! I'll king him," growled the indignant Sheriff, as he mounted the steps, and before the beggar or his comrade could defend themselves, that official, with his own hands, precipitated them down among the assemblage at the foot of the scaffold. And now the spirit of a wild beast was let loose among the rabble. The King and his henchman staggered to their feet and beat off, as well as they could, the multitude that pressed vociferously upon them. A soldier, struggling through, tried to arrest the beggar man, but the King nimbly wrested his sword from him, and circled the blade in the air with a venomous hiss of steel that caused the nearer portion of the mob to press back as eagerly as, a moment before, they had pressed forward. The man who swung a blade like that was certainly worthy of respect, be he beggar or monarch. The Cobbler's face was grimed and bleeding, but the King's newly won sword cleared a space around him. And now the bellowing voice of Baldy Hutchinson made itself heard above the din.

"Stand back from him," he shouted. "They're decent, honest bodies, even if they've gone clean mad."

But now those at the back of the crowd were forcing the others forward, and Baldy saw that in spite of the sword his old and his new friend would be presently engulfed. He turned to one of the upright posts of the scaffold and gave it a tremendous shuddering kick, then reaching up to the cross-bar and exerting his Samson-like strength, he wrenched it, with a crash of tearing wood, down from its position; and armed with this formidable weapon he sprung into the mob, scattering it right and left with his hangman's beam.

"A riot and a rescue!" roared the Sheriff. "Mount, Trooper MacKenzie, and ride as if the devil were after you, to Stirling; to Stirling, man, and bring back with you a troop of the King's Horse."

"We must stop that man getting to Stirling," said Baldy, "or he'll have the King's men on you. I'll clear a way for you through the people, and then you must take leg-bail for it to the forest."

"Stand where you are," said the beggar. "The King's Horse is what I want to see."

"Dods, you'll see them soon enough. Look at that gallop!"

MacKenzie indeed had lost no time in getting astride his steed, and was now disappearing towards Stirling like the wind. The more timorous of the assemblage, fearing the oncoming of the cavalry, which usually made short work of all opposition, caring little who was trampled beneath horses' hoofs, began to disperse, and seek stations of greater safety than the space before the scaffold afforded.

"Believe me," said Baldy earnestly to his two friends, "you'll better make your legs save your throttle. This is a hanging affair for you as well as for me, for you've interfered with the due course of the law."

"It's not the first time I've done so," said the beggar with great composure, and

shortly after they heard the thunder of horses' hoofs coming from the north.

"Thank God!" said the Sheriff, when he heard the welcome sound. The mob dissolved and left a free passage for the galloping cavalcade. The stout Baldy Hutchinson and his two comrades stood alone to receive the onset.

The King took a few steps forward, raised his sword aloft and shouted:

"Halt, Sir Donald!"

Sir Donald Sinclair obeyed the command so suddenly that his horse's front feet tore up the turf as he reined back, while his sharp order to the troop behind him brought the company to an almost instantaneous stand.

"Sir Donald," said the King, "I am for Stirling with my two friends here. See that we are not followed, and ask this hilarious company to disperse quietly to their homes. Do it kindly, Sir Donald, you know. There is no particular hurry, and they have all the afternoon before them. Bring your troop back to Stirling in an hour or two."

"Will your Majesty not take my horse?" asked Sir Donald Sinclair.

"No, Donald," replied the King with a smile, glancing down at his rags, "Scottish horsemen have always looked well in the saddle; yourself are an example of that, and I have no wish to make this costume fashionable as a riding suit."

The Sheriff, who stood by with dropped jaw, now flung himself on his knees and craved pardon for laying hands on the Lord's anointed.

"The least said of that the better," remarked the King drily. "But if you are sorry, Sheriff, that the people should be disappointed at not seeing a man hanged, I think you would make a very good substitute for my big friend Baldy here."

The Sheriff tremulously asserted that the populace were but too pleased at this exhibition of the royal clemency.

"If that is the case, then," replied his Majesty, "we shall not need to trouble you. And so, farewell to you!"

The King, Baldy, and the Cobbler took the road towards Stirling, and Sir Donald spread out his troop to intercept traffic in that direction. Advancing toward the bewildered crowd, Sir Donald spoke to them:

"You will go quietly to your homes," he said. "You have not seen the hanging, but you have witnessed to-day what none in Scotland ever saw before, the King intervene personally to save a doomed man; therefore be satisfied and go home."

Some one in the mob cried:

"Hurrah for the poor man's king! Cheer, lads, cheer!" A great uproar was lifted to the skies; afar off the three pedestrians heard it, and Baldy, as the man of many friends, taking the clamor as a public compliment to himself, waved one of his huge hands to the vociferous multitude.

# CROKER.

By William Allen White.

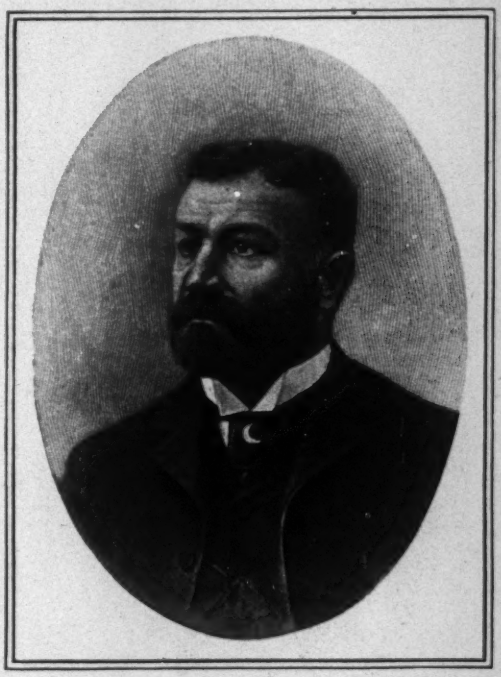
FINITE judgments are often biased by immaterial evidence. The thrush, the oriole, the bird of paradise, are esteemed by society, while the unlovely hell-diver is despised. Nature has no favorites. All her creatures are equally beloved. In God's kingdom all the subjects are of royal blood. The earth-worm is as useful as the lion; the amœba has full fellowship with man. Contrasts, being human contrivances, are generally unsubstantial—matters of mere whim and view-point. When men contrast their fellows the result must make the angels sigh. Each human contrast is the preference for the oriole over the hell-diver repeated. We say this man is not so good as that man, and this other is not so strong as a fourth one, who is decried for not being as skilled as the fifth, and so it goes. We forget that the hell-diver does God's work in the mud, which is as honorable a station as the arbor is—even if to our finite eyes the arbor may seem more beautiful. So when a man rises full of power, all daubed as to plumage with the muck of the marsh, we must measure him by the oriole. And when Richard Croker appeared in American politics, all the world gasped and tacitly wondered why Croker could not be like Charles Eliot Norton. Whereupon men began to throw rocks at the Croker-bird, because he is an ugly bird and has no moral

sense. Now rock-throwing is fine sport, but it does not help scientists to study the human hell-diver, to find its economic uses, nor to direct its energy toward the general good. The object of this thesis is to collect and set down all the data available about the man Croker; to find his family, genus, and species; to ascertain what he feeds upon; what his place is in the scheme of things, and what part he is playing in the conservation of political and social energy that is slowly forcing the inevitable triumph of "reason and the will of God."

Richard Croker was born in Ireland, and popular belief has labeled him Irish. Yet the blood that governs Croker's character is English blood, not Irish, for the Croker family came to Ireland about six generations ago from England. The Crokers were people of quality, and in the family was a surveyor-general, a poet and wit, a great editor and literary wrangler of parts, and such courtiers, barristers, soldiers, and citizens as set the stage for the historical plays of the period. Until the last generation each Croker lived like the "Thane of Cawdor"—"a prosperous gentleman." But the fighting devil seems to have been big in all of them, and Richard Croker's grandfather apparently was possessed of an especially active devil, for the grandfather named Croker's sire Eyre Coot, after Sir Eyre Coot, a dashing Limerick soldier, who fought England's battles all over the world, and whose bones now rest in Westminster, the wearer of them having grown black in the face with rage, and died of apoplexy in the heat of battle at the prospect of defeat. Whatever martial spirit there may have been in Eyre Coot Croker, was spent in finding food and shelter for a large family, of which Richard Croker was the youngest member. When the family fell upon evil times, Eyre Coot Croker emigrated with his flock to America. They passed New York, and went to a place near Cincinnati. They remained there but a short time, returning to New York about 1850. The lad Richard picked up a meager education in the public schools, for the Crokers were Protestants. (Richard has since become a Catholic.) In the fifties young Croker entered the machine shops of what is now the New York Central Railroad. He was in his early teens when he began to learn the machinist's trade, but he was such a strapping youngster that there is to-day a Croker myth in the shops made of stories of his prowess. As a blacksmith he could swing a sledge in each hand. They say—and there are those who have nursed broken heads to remember Dick Croker—that as a young man his limbs and his chest were covered with swarthy black hair; also that he not only fought at the drop of the hat, but often jogged the hand which held the hat, being an impatient lad with no stomach for dalliance. He learned his trade thoroughly. They tell how he built a locomotive with his own hands, put it together, ran it out of the shops, and turned it over to the company after testing its speed on a trial trip. His hands were highly educated, if his head lacked a knowledge of the stuff of which text-books are made. He took his master's degree in the shops, and was graduated as master mechanic, having learned industry, handcraft, and the simpler uses of physical courage. He left his alma mater with the welter-weight championship of the institution as a wrestler, a boxer, and a swimmer. He was admitted to full partnership, and soon thereafter to leadership, in a political concern engaged in picking up a more or less honest living, one way and another, known of men as the Fourth Avenue Tunnel Gang. In this institution Croker took post-

RICHARD CROKER AT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

graduate work in sociology, physics, and political ethics. He availed himself of the rude appliances of the laboratory, which covered an area of ten squares. The assistant, who was managing the affairs for Boss Tweed in the vicinity of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel, would not supply chemicals to Croker and his fellow-students, and otherwise this assistant hindered the intellectual development of the gang. So the gang set out to find the Holy Grail in New York politics, and to show Mr. Tweed what a group of young men of high ideals and two nimble fists each may do toward attaining the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. Croker being a husky boy was chosen to run for alderman in due time in the St. Georgian contest with the dragon Tweed. Croker won. Tweed went to Albany and legislated Croker out of office. That was in '71. Croker ran again. Again he won. Tweed was overthrown. The young gentlemen of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel Gang triumphed. Croker took his Ph.D. in the study of mankind, and entered upon the active practice of his profession.

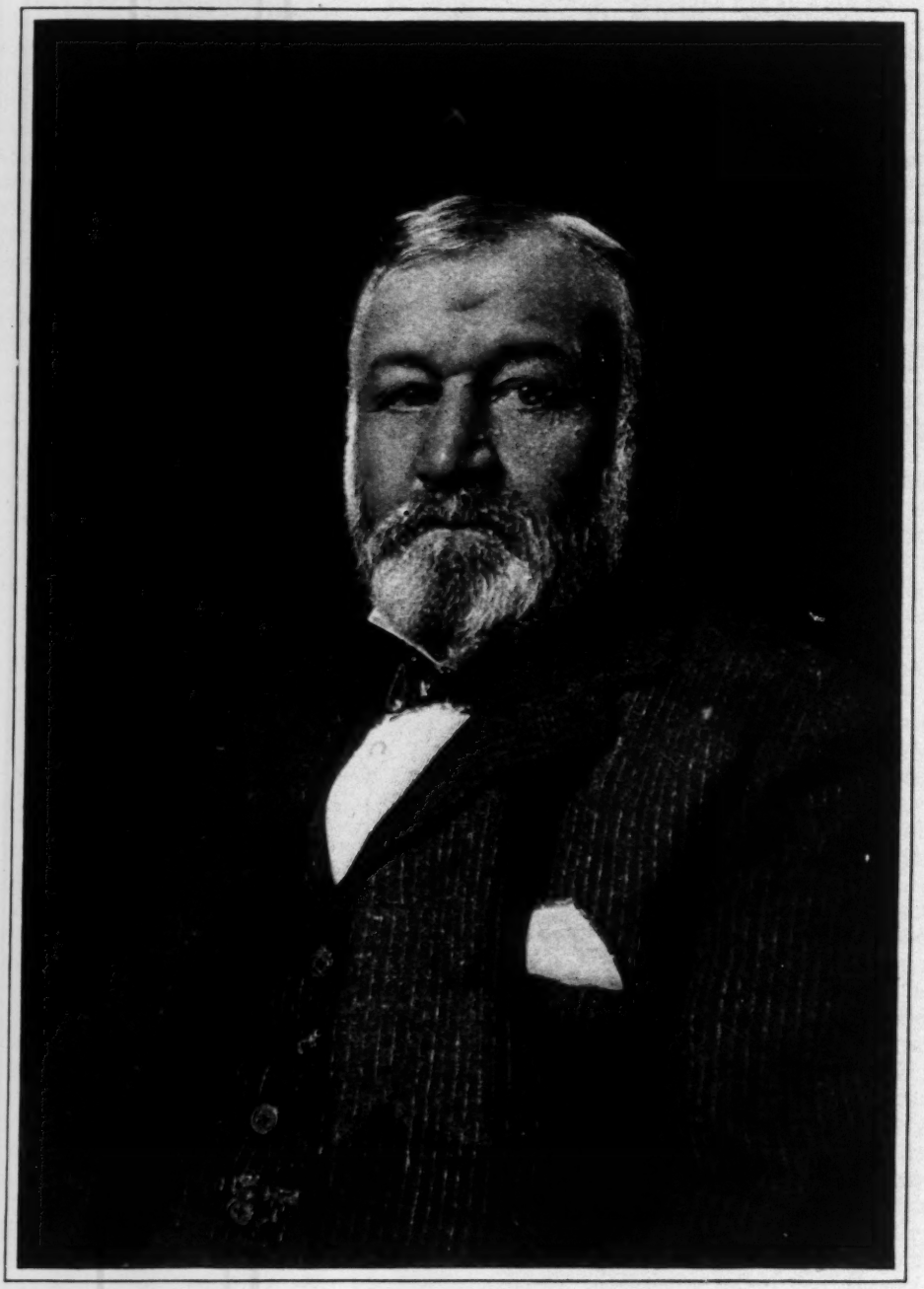


RICHARD CROKER AT FORTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

The Destiny that shapes our ends probably did her most effective day's work in Croker's life the day he joined Tammany. Soon thereafter he became captain of his election precinct. The election precinct is the base or unit of the Tammany system. Now the average citizen of the republic may fancy that the duties of a Tammany captain of an election precinct, in the days of rough-and-tumble politics—the days of riot and murder at the polls, in which Croker took a violent hand—were solely those of a plug-ugly. Because before the days of the Australian ballot the precinct captain had to sit in the saloon and give out the ballots, and occasionally to call upon the coroner to help the "freeman execute his will," popular imagination has an altogether wrong idea of the services rendered by the captain of a Tammany precinct. To encourage misdemeanor and to foster felony were only incidents of a captain's annual routine. They were means to an end, and to-day the end and most of the other means remain the same. Indeed, the office is to-day what it was in spirit a generation ago, and what in spirit it may be a generation hence, for the success of Tammany depends, and always *must* depend, upon paternalism strongly fraternal. The Tammany which trained young Croker, and which is now training his unknown successor, is a human institution. Therefore it rules not by its vices, but by its virtues and in spite of its vices. Here is what Tammany taught Croker: To be kind to those in trouble, to look after the sick in the tenements in his precinct, to see that the widows had food and fuel, that the men had jobs and the orphan children clothes, to mourn with those that mourn and to rejoice with them that rejoice.

Tammany taught discipline. It taught Croker, by a sort of merit system, that election majorities and not excuses are desired, and that to get majorities precinct captains may go far if necessary—may, in an emergency, tip-toe right up to the door of the penitentiary, and trust to the efforts of the organization to pull them back by the coat-tails. Croker spent six months in jail in his youth charged with murder. The crime was committed in an election fracas, and the jury disagreed. Probably the indictment left no scar upon him, for it was part of the business.

Tammany holds an amorphous charter. The Society of Tammany, or the Columbian Order, is a benevolent organization; and Tammany Hall is a political organization, and one set of men belongs to both societies, so that Tammany's business is the disbursement of



RICHARD CROKER.

*From a photograph, taken especially for McClure's Magazine, by A. B. Phelan, Oct. 31, 1900—a week before the election.*

benevolence and the collection of votes. And being of a practical turn, the chiefs of Tammany have established a system which converts the smallest amount of benefits into the largest number of votes. So district captain Croker, a roystering young man in his day, learned that it pays to be kind, that it pays to be generous—perhaps freehanded is the better word—that it pays to keep a promise, that it pays to lend a hand. All this he learned in Tammany, which, in spite of its virtues, is a corrupt, un-American survival of feudal paternalistic government. One wonders if it is not destined to live and wax fat in New York so long as atavism makes the European emigrant and his children stagger a bit under the first burdens of citizenship, and grope instinctively for the sustaining arm of a king.

The courage—largely physical—which became part of Croker in the shops and in the vestibule of politics, combined naturally with the love of kind which he learned in his captaincy. It made him an idol among the lowly. Kings rise from the peasantry with such training; but there was nothing in his training to teach young Croker moral sense. He saw tributes levied from the saloon, the gambling-rooms, and the brothel, and distributed among the victims of these plagues. His associates regarded vice as a source of revenue, revenue as the sinew in the arm of political victory, and political victory as the chief end of man. In this atmosphere, tainted with the malodorous intrigues of ward politics, Croker's character was formed. He breathed this air into his spiritual nostrils, and it became part of him; but the pollution which rotted other men merely withered Croker's soul, and left his he-strength —hobbled only by the criminal statutes. So when he lifts his big, innocent-looking, unflinching green eyes, and looks squarely at the public and advises citizens dissatisfied with the election results to knock down the election judges and drag them into the street, gentlemen of sedentary habits, who delight in Emerson, gasp and give Croker horns and a forked tail in their high imaginings, which is absurd.

When he ran for alderman in opposition to Boss Tweed's wishes, Croker was elected on the anti-boss ticket and helped to pull down Tweed. Tweed fell, not because he was a thief, but because he did not tell the truth to his fellow-thieves: they found they could not trust him. And Croker learned in Tweed's downfall the one trick which has given Croker power—he learned to tell those who trusted him the exact truth, and to make a lie the cardinal sin in his code. The men who shudder at Croker's power, shudder because they fancy it is generated in iniquity, but the truth is that the power to control men is always the sign of some strong quality. No man is all good or all bad, but men follow a leader so long as, in their eyes, his virtues outweigh his vices. And the Croker that learned industry in the shops and courage in the gang—which is the clan in the feudal system of Tammany—learned a sort of anthropoid honesty in the office of alderman. It is not here contended that Croker developed a New England conscience; he was honest according to his light, and the Croker illumination of that day was a sputtering gaslight in the streets. In a simple way he knew that it was wrong to steal funds, either public or private, for stealing requires duplicity, and that is not a part of Croker's nature; but probably he did not understand, and does not now, why successful stealing is iniquitous, further than that it does not pay in the long run.

In those days Alderman Croker's social duties were about the same as those that confront a New York alderman to-day, and similar to those that have confronted the gentry for a thousand years. He was the patron of the shire. To him the yeomen looked for succor in distress. He stood between the young blades of the tenement and their natural enemies, the police. He furnished amusement and recreation for his vassals. It was his part to sit in silence on the top deck of a chartered boat, taking the peasantry to his annual clam-bake, and to receive his subjects there in stately dignity as his henchmen brought them up. Also, he was expected to lend the distinction of his presence to the barkeepers' annual ball, and to grace the church fair with his dumb, clumsy courtesy. It was all mediæval, all like the real round table, probably, and all incongruous to the American point of view. Yet the rise of Croker in Tammany from peasant to marauder, from marauder to squire, from squire to liege lord, from lord to chancellor of the exchequer, from—but that is anticipating the narrative: suffice to say that Croker's rise is not strange, it is typical of the organization. It was like the rise of Kelly, the rise of Tweed, or the rise of the other kings of Tammany, whose fall has been forgotten in the last hundred years.

When John Kelly rose to the boss's throne in Tammany, Croker was a district leader; that is to say, a kind of county central com-

mitteeman in the political organization, and a kind of duke in the Tammany social system. Kelly made Croker a sort of privy councillor, and gave him the office and the title of city chamberlain. It may be said to the credit of the system which produced Croker, that he conducted the various offices he held—coroner, city chamberlain, and fire commissioner—decently and without scandal. No city money stuck to his fingers. As chancellor of the exchequer Croker was thrown daily with the nobility. The Irish in him made him imitative. He acquired a veneer of manners. He ceased to be a gent. His fists whitened. His clothes grew "mild and lovely," and his voice, strident, harsh, and full of strange oaths, began to grow gentle as a summer breeze in the days when he was in Kelly's cabinet. As events crowded power on Croker, a lesson of silence, which he learned first in the Tunnel Gang, became more and more a part of his mental habit. Croker also made his temper bridlewise. During the season spent in jail charged with the murder which he probably did not commit, he learned some philosophy which never deserted him. There is a fine perspective of the world to be had from behind prison bars that gives a man—and Croker got it well—a bird's-eye view of the vanities of this life.

When John Kelly died the crown came to Croker by natural selection. He was elected chairman of the Finance Committee of Tammany. That is his office to-day. The Finance Committee is composed of five district leaders out of the thirty-seven in New York. Under each leader are a score of precinct captains, each of whom is set over four or five hundred people; the people are divided into tribes of nationality and also sub-divided into clans. This organization, which has nothing to do with political creeds or platforms, but coheres out of greed for public taxes and public privileges, is the most perfect voting machine on earth. To the royal head of this system Croker came as a journeyman who had worked up from bound-boy. He was made king by grace of his strong right arm, and a steel brain sharpened on a man-hunter's whetstone. Passionate—and by that token soft-hearted—simple as a child, acquisitive, shrewd in a narrow groove like a machine, sordid at the core, and ignorant of civilization as a Hun, Croker came to his throne a troglodyte king over a race of cavemen.

To know what sort of a ruler he has made one must know his domain. It is first of all material. There is nothing so ethical about it as a double ledger entry. It is not Greater New York, for there are spiritual, literary, and commercial estates in New York that not only owe no allegiance to Croker, but he does not know that they exist. His kingdom is not even the atmosphere of current political thought in Manhattan and the Bronx, for Croker knows nothing of political economy and the trend of political ideas. The kingdom of Croker is the kingdom of loot, and this vain heathen in his blindness thinks it is one of the great powers. To Croker, or to what Croker stands for, 90,000 men have surrendered their sovereign American rights. This surrender is made without let or hindrance. It carries the right of transfer with it. A tremendous power is generated by this abdication. Croker and four others sit in a secret conference and nominate men to fill every municipal office in New York from mayor to alderman. Orders come down from this conference to the city convention, to the district convention, to the ward caucus. The only thing that goes up is obedience. Seeing the powers of Croker, one almost believes that not a policeman walks his beat in New York City except by his grace; not a brick is laid on a public or private work that he may not impudently tear down if the contractor laying it withholds homage to the boss; that not a wheel turns on any railway in New York, not a car moves up and down an elevator shaft in Greater New York but by expressing an idle caprice Croker may not stop them. Popular government in New York City thrives about as lustily as in Constantinople or Bagdad.

Not long ago a New York gentleman, seeking to purge the East Side tenements of vice, sought, not the chief of police, not the police commissioners, not the mayor, but the fountain-head of government in New York, Croker in his council. After introducing the petitioner for reform to his manor lords, Croker said:

"I want you to give close attention to his statement, and I want that, after you have heard what he has to say, you will use every effort to correct all those evils as far as it lies in your power."

After the reformer had finished speaking, and a committee had been appointed, Croker delivered this ukase: "Right here I want to reiterate again what I said three weeks ago, and that is, not a dollar comes into my hands from the landlords of pool-rooms or houses of ill-fame. If any of you gentlemen

have been collecting from these people, you had better get out of the organization. It hasn't any use for you. You disgrace it. I am not talking for political effect. I am talking of what you should do as honest citizens. I hope if this committee should ask any one of you leaders here for information you will appear and do the best you know how to make its work entirely successful."

Some one more venturesome than the other barons attempted to say that the evil complained of was necessary. Let the undisputed report of a half-dozen of the best newspapers in New York continue to describe the royal wrath:

"Croker bounded from his chair, walked toward the coroner, and pointed his finger at him, shaking it excitedly. 'You say you don't know what you can do?' he asked in angry tones. 'What you want to do' [raising his voice] 'is to act, and to try to do something anyway. You can't stop it, you say. If you do nothing except talk about what you can't do you can never stop anything. If the people find anything is wrong, you be perfectly satisfied the people can put a stop to it and will. Right will right itself in spite of wrong. It can be righted if this committee here goes to work with a squad of police. And now let's see whether the police can help us.'"

Emperor William could have used no stronger language to the Reichstag. The mental attitude of the man who spoke thus was that of dictator. Croker was not giving advice, he was proclaiming an edict. And his proclamation was sincere. The reader must remember that he is not dealing with a diplomat, nor with a chess player, nor even with a second-rate politician. Croker is a savage with a child's mind. Political issues are his toys, and he goes from one to another with no thought of design or consequence. Only in recent years has Croker found even a passing interest in his baubles. During the first ten years of his reign the nation was stirred deeply by great events, and moved manifestly by the passing issues of the day. Croker, taciturn, grim, uninterested, furtively concealing his ignorance in stolidity, viewed the panorama of history like an Indian at the show. He has hoarded an untold treasure of golden silence, which in these very latter days he is beginning to spend like a profligate for wanton speech. Probably some sort of a carnal sense of power has been throbbing in him and awakened a heavy, turgid ambition in this giant and set him to babbling. Bryan's "First Battle" was read to Croker in 1897, when he called the author "Bryant." He was so carried away with the sincerity of the argument that he metaphorically clapped his hands with delight. He has never realized that there may be another side to arguments that please him. And Croker's enthusiasm for Bryan was unalloyed. They told Croker how the trusts handicapped young men, and Croker retold the story again and again to every listening reporter during the campaign. A few months ago Croker was eating dinner in a public place. He saw a city official at a table a few yards away. Calling across the room, he said: "Well, how is that Murphy boy doing I sent you?" The city official replied that the boy was an exceptionally capable young man. Croker was delighted. At the end of his felicitous ejaculations he cried: "Good boy. How much is he getting?" And then: "You just raise him a thousand to-morrow." Croker made no attempt at concealment; used no cipher code, nor yet was he brazen about it. He saw no reason why he should not bestow the money of the taxpayers at his discretion. Was he under an oath of office? And if he wished to do a benevolence whose business was it? The reader who would understand the real Croker should not confuse him with a sort of mythical Croker that hero-worshipers and a kind of devil-worshipers have builded out of the red mud of their own ideals. The real Croker is not crafty. He is not even ordinarily shrewd in either business or in politics.

When he went into Wall Street he was as ignorant of the methods there as the Mahdi. The men who played his hand for him needed a friend at the soul of things in New York City, and they knew where the soul of things was. They did not buy Croker. He accepted no bribe. He is true to his friends, and his friends stand by him. He made real-estate investments, and his advance knowledge of the proposed public improvements made his investments profitable. He bought stock in city industrials, and his friends in office protected his investments, and the stock rose and Croker skimmed off the cream. He frankly acknowledges that what street parlance calls his political pull represents his capital. His life has been devoted to accumulating this influence, and he checks on it now as an old man would check on his life's savings, rather proudly than otherwise. To show Croker his moral responsibility to the city would require some sort of galvanic vitalization of his moral sense, which is

as badly atrophied as his vermiform appendix.

In politics Croker knows only the Tammany Hall he has made, an *édition de luxe* of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel Gang. During the campaign last past Croker strung some insolent banners across the line of march of a great Republican parade. The act was the revival of the Tunnel Gang instinct—smart, swagger, bullying, not shrewd, not effective. It reflected merely the mental process of a boy.

"I ain't no statesman," said Croker to the Mazet Committee. "I am looking out for my own pocket first." This is literally true. And when Croker said it he saw no reason for mincing matters. But very recently a fleshly ambition for wider influence seems to have turned Croker's head. He feign would pose as a statesman, and presto! he talks to prove his wisdom. He established relations with a presidential candidate, and in his simple way Croker believed that Bryan would win. The fact that Tammany was for Bryan was an anchor for Croker's ship of dreams. He knew no more of the sentiment of the country, of its geography, of its mental and moral attitude than a Persian satrap. He did not comprehend the issues—even remotely. The word "seigniorage" and "industrial and sociological tendencies" with Croker were words to be skipped in reading aloud, and they "were nothing more." His serious suggestion of compromise with the gold Democrats, by changing the ratio of silver coinage as the silver market fluctuates, reveals the depth of economic thought which he has fathomed.

And yet in American politics Croker is one of the great powers. He must be reckoned with. I am inclined to believe that his death to-day would be a calamity to his city, for no other man in all Tammany who might succeed him is so honest as Croker His influence negatively is for good, in that the influence of other Tammany leaders without Croker would be unspeakably bad. The 90,000 men who have surrendered their citizenship to Croker might do far worse with it. In all their ignorance and greed and mendacity they might use that citizenship. If the time ever comes when they do use it unrestrained by the intervening agency of Croker, or his heirs or assigns, heaven protect wealth and social order in New York City! Take away the steel hoops of Tammany from the social dynamite, and let it go kicking around under the feet of any cheap agitator who may come by with his head in the clouds, and then look out for fireworks. A cautious rascal is safer than a demagogue. A corrupt king is rather to be chosen than the anarchy of a million hungry despots. Croker has his place in the scheme of things. The system that made him a king out of a ruffian grows out of the demand for ruffian kings. It is a case of supply and demand. Some natural law governs the relations between the two.

Into the Tammany grist-mill, with benevolence and civic corruption for its upper and nether stones, the crop of Ellis Island is dumped. The grist comes out a kind of citizen; a poor kind indeed, but a better kind than no citizen. And with all the mold of feudalism which the Tammany mill preserves, the Tammany-made citizen is more trustworthy than the citizen that Herr Most would make, or than that the red anarchists would make. And it is Tammany or the dynamiters. The good citizens up-town may contribute funds for charity, which is done through this, that, or the other institution. The good citizens up-town may go so far as to send a few political tracts to the tenements, or to send an officer to kick up a fuss about the number of people who sleep and work in one room—a fuss which only irritates the tenements and proves to them for the hundredth time that the reformers are enemies to the poor. The good citizens up-town may even send young men and women down to live in the tenements. But the anarchist and the Tammany precinct captain are brothers of the people, flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone. They understand and are understood. Also when the Tammany man rises in the world, he comes back to his kith and kin, not as a scientist examining bugs, not as an evangelist announcing the last call for the dining-car, but as a manor lord returning from a long and prospe us journey, with an open hand and a warm heart.

For Tammany preaches contentment. It tolerates no Jeremiahs. Its philosophy is eat, drink, and be merry, fight the enemy, and knife the traitor; and Richard Croker, late of the Fourth Avenue Tunnel Gang, late precinct captain, later district leader, and now haloed with such divinity as doth "hedge a king," is the same Dick Croker who ran the caucus and blustered about the polls twenty-five years ago. He will do as much for his friend as he would in the old days, and the friend's morals interest him no more than his love affair or the color of his hair. Another reason why

Dick Croker of the Tunnel Gang is safer than the anarchist to control the mill that is turning the raw material of the steerage into American citizens, is that Croker desires to be a gentleman. The anarchist likes his gentleman on a spit and rather underdone.

When Croker is in America he lives at the Democratic Club, which may be described as the "St. James" of the Tammany nobility. There gather the beauty and the chivalry of the institution. In the evening justices, counsellors, captains of police, the chancellor of the exchequer, the lord mayor, the keeper of the buckhounds, courtiers, nobles, and gentry, and his sacred majesty the king all assemble there to pass a quiet hour discussing matters of state. This Democratic club is quartered in a high, brown-stone structure well up toward Central Park, on Fifth Avenue, where gentlemen pass the door all day and as late at night as gentlemen are out of bed. Here are four floors upon which lie thick velvet carpet—bought, they will tell you, by the "chief," meaning Croker. Complete sets of fat leather furniture and sets of gilded spider-legged chairs and divans, also selected by the "chief," are set against the wall, whereon glowing pictures framed in gold hang exactly on the line, in the shut-up throne-room of a parlor. A library, where are government reports and broken sets of *éditions de luxe* of foreign novelists, is conveniently near the card-room, and under the roof is a dining-room, splendid with much fine gold, where the court frescoer has adorned the ceiling with saintly pictures of the Democratic fathers, with allegoric scenes in pink and pea-green and blue from American history, and at each corner of the fresco with the smiling, satisfied face of a tiger on an "animated bust." It is unnecessary to add that this room expresses in terms of form and color the orison singing in the king's heart.

In the royal palace Croker is treated with all the pomp and circumstance that become a king. When he enters the dining-room robust conversation gasps into silence until Croker is seated. When he pauses before a table the diners rise. When he leaves a group of courtiers and goes to a quiet corner, with an unlighted cigar between his teeth, court etiquette says that he must not be disturbed except on pressing matters of the kingdom. When he appears in a dress suit he will not budge a step to meet any human being. Strangers—whether they be President, senators, messengers of kings, or allies—must be brought to Croker for presentation, for the law of the Tunnel Gang—get your bluff in first—is as the law of the Medes and the Persians.

And all this homage, all this boot-licking, to a mild-mannered, soft-voiced, sad-faced, green-eyed chunk of a man who talks slowly that he may peg in his "seens" and his "saws," his "dones" and his "dids" where they belong, who has a loggy wit, who cares neither for books, nor music, nor theatrical performances, nor good wine, nor a dinner, nor the society of his kind! All this blind obedience by men of brains and some rudimentary culture to a dull, emotionless, prosimian hulk of bone and sinew—a sort of human megatherium, who has come crashing up from the swamps splashed with the slime of pre-Adamite wickedness! And now he sits on a throne and disposes a sort of jungle justice, while civilization knocks its knees together in stupid, terrified adulation! And why? What is the secret of this man's power—this man who scorns the æsthetic joys which delight his fellows, and is pleased only with three things: the companionship of horses and dogs, the faces of children, and, stripped to the shaggy skin of him, a plunge in the sea far out beyond the breakers, far out where there is room to romp and scuffle and wrestle with danger? What has set this barbarian to rule over a free city? What natural selection? What survival of the fittest? Is society a knock down and drag out? Civilization bloody of tooth and nail? Yet here, up the natural stepping-stones of a political system of a great city, comes a primitive man with a simple mind, to which the spectacle of the shifting vitascope of modern life is as meaningless as the figures in the kaleidoscope, and men hail him chief and bow before him, and lose their appetite when he frowns, and garland him with roses when he starts upon a journey. Why?

Let us put him on the stand and make him answer. In an interview with W. T. Stead, three years ago, when Stead asked what is the fundamental law of the universe, Croker answered: "Sir, the law is that although wrongdoing may endure for a season, right must in the long run come to the top. Human nature is so built that roguery cannot last. Honest men come to their own, no matter what odds against them. If you put ten honest men into an assembly with ninety thieves, human nature is such that the ten honest men will boss the ninety thieves. They must do it. They will tell you that Tammany has ruled New York nearly all the time. Do you think we could have done it

if we had been the thieves and rogues they say we are? I have been in office nearly all my life. Do you think the citizens would have been such fools as to reëlect me if I had been the bad man they say I am? Things that are rotten do not last. Thieves are not trusted by their fellow-thieves, let alone by their fellow-citizens. It is not by what is bad in them that institutions and parties win, but by what is good."

That is why Croker stands. That is why Tammany abides. Over against this virtuous preachment of Croker put the evidence of Captain Meakim's Tammany collector, Edward Shalvey, before the Lexow Committee, vol. i., p. 5,407.

*Q.* You collected from these several places—liquor dealers, policy shops, and houses of ill-fame—as you did under the previous captain?

*A.* Yes, sir.

*Q.* Did you ever meet with any refusal to pay from the people engaged in this class of business, or did they all pay as a matter of course?

*A.* They all paid as a matter of course.

*Q.* So that, officer, even beneath the terrible frown of the Lexow Committee the collection went on just the same?

*A.* Yes, sir.

*Q.* The old, old story continued, is not that so?

*A.* Yes, sir.

*Q.* And while, as a matter of fact, exposures were being made as testified to before this committee since last May or April, the collections continued right along unbroken, did they not?

*A.* Yes, sir.

*Q.* And the captains took the money in the same way?

*A.* Yes, sir.

Again, may not one ask is Croker the symbol of New York? Here is a city whose clearing-house reports show a buccaneer's treasure multiplied by his fondest dreams, but where, in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, no class has ever graduated from a public high school. Here is a city with a moral intelligence that permits hundreds of its policemen to add blackmail to their duties, and whose public officers exercise a pirate's honor. A community that has traded its right of free government for the rule of a boss, not once, but a score of times. A community with the sheer brute force of a giant, and whose political history records its average; the dead level of it. This is New York. What is Croker? Yet Croker and the metropolis may justify themselves. Croker does not see his own shortcomings. Indeed, it is a question whether or not a difference from others of his species is a shortcoming. Each creature has his place in the economy of nature. When Stead asked Croker: "Mr. Croker, for nearly thirty years you have been up to the neck in the rough-and-tumble of New York politics. For nearly twenty years you have been the supreme boss of Tammany. You are contemplating a serene old age. Looking back over those thirty years, is there not a single act or deed which, in the light of your experience, you regret having done, or that you now feel that you should have left undone?"

Stead says: "The boss paused. He removed from his lips the cigar of Brobdingnag, and half closed his eyes for a moment. Then with calm, deliberate emphasis he replied: 'No, sir, not one. I do not remember ever having done anything I ought not to have done, for I have done good all my life.'"

Which brings us back to the beginning. Does the hell-diver see mud, and filth, and carrion, and slime-life with the eyes of the bird of paradise?

# IN THE WORLD OF GRAFT

By Josiah Flynt.

[Editor's Note.—Just one year ago, through an arrangement made with McClure's Magazine, Mr. Josiah Flynt undertook an investigation of the criminal classes in several of the leading cities of the United States. These studies were made, not to gratify an idle curiosity, but in the hope that they will aid the movement now in progress to better the government of our cities. For fifteen years Mr. Flynt has spent much of his time among the vagrant and criminal classes of this country and Europe, living with them under their own conditions. It is a mere coincidence that these articles are published just as Chicago and New York are arousing to the need of reform. It should be remembered that Mr. Flynt writes of what he saw in the spring of 1900, but practically the same conditions exist to-day.]

MY present series of articles is the outcome of a moderately successful effort to convince the criminal that he was talking to a "pal." In some cases he has known that he was to be quoted; but in all cases he has been convinced, before talking, that what he said would not be hurled back upon him by any of the Powers that Rule. Occasionally he has talked because he was "sore"—some of the Powers that Rule had treated him unfairly, and he wanted to "roast" them—and then, again, merely to satisfy the curiosity of an old acquaintance. My purpose in trying to get him to talk was to hear the Under World's criticism of the Upper World's system of municipal defense against crime. In every large city in the United States these two worlds rub up against each other; the professional thief goes uptown to live when he has made his "pile," or is temporarily in luck, just as surely as the aristocrat goes downtown when his "pile" has been exhausted. Sociologically the thief is invariably classified as a downtown resident; the scientists seem unable to consider him seriously outside of the realm of theory. While the scientists are talking and writing about him, however, he is comfortably seated in his hotel or "flat," discussing with his cronies the Upper World's helplessness to protect itself against him. He stops at nothing in his criticism. The "Boss," as well as the humblest "Flatty" (patrolman), receives his commendation and condemnation. In the bottom of his heart he admires an honest man; deal with him "on the level," and in nine cases out of ten, even though you are not of his world, he will return the courtesy. What makes him angry is that the Upper World builds immense cities, teaches him to be happy only in cities, permits him to grow up as best he can, organizes corrupt police forces to watch him, and then, when he is temporarily down on his luck and cannot pay for favors, sends him to prison, and says, "You be good." Municipal government as thus administered he revels in criticizing.

The cities which it has particularly interested me to talk with him about are Chicago, Pittsburg, Allegheny, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Last year (1900) I spent three consecutive months in taking his testimony in regard to the management of these different cities and certain county seats in the State of Ohio. Sometimes he was an old thief who knew all six cities well, and had picked out one of them to end his days in as a tramp; sometimes he was a young-

ster just starting out on a criminal career, and then, again, he was an active "professional," whose photograph in the Rogues' Gallery is still prized. Not all of my informants talked as freely as I should have liked to have them; sometimes I was not properly introduced, and they were suspicious of me; but most of them spoke their minds freely. When possible, I have asked friends in the police business and employees of the different city governments involved to substantiate or repudiate the alleged facts given me, and, in some instances, they have been inclined to take exception to certain statements, but in the majority of cases they have had to admit that I had been given "straight goods."

In regard to the word "graft," which has been incorporated in the text, I desire to state that it is a generic slang term for all kinds of theft and illegal practices generally. In some cases it also covers transactions which are within the letter of the written law, but wholly outside of the law about kind treatment of one's neighbor. A "grafter" is one who makes his living, and sometimes his fortune, by "grafting." He may be a political "boss," a mayor, a chief of police, a warden of a penitentiary, a municipal contractor, a member of the town council, a representative in the legislature, a judge in the courts, and the Upper World may know him only in his official capacity; but if the Under World has had occasion to approach him for purposes of graft and found him corrupt, he is immediately classified as an "unmugged" grafter—one whose photograph is not in the Rogues' Gallery, but ought to be. The professional thief is the "mugged" grafter; his photograph and Bertillon measurements are known and recorded.

The World of Graft is wherever known and unknown thieves, bribe-givers, and bribe-takers congregate. In the United States it is found mainly in the large cities, but its boundaries take in small county seats and even villages.

## "CHI" AN HONEST CITY.

Throughout the Under World Chicago is known by its nickname "Chi." The word is used more by tramps than by thieves, but it is a familiar term to both. Other cities have similar nicknames. New York is called "York"; Philadelphia, "Phillie"; Cincinnati, "Cincie"; Boston, "Bean-Town"; Detroit, "Slow-Town"; Baltimore, "Balt"; and Kansas City, "Kay See." The Under World wants names of its own manufacture for the Upper World's cities, and when successful equivalents are found they are incorporated in its language.

The opinions of Chicago as a city of Graftdom are many and varied, according to the individual experience of the man who happens to be expressing himself. There are both known and unknown thieves who run down the city and say that they never want to see it again. They have come to grief in some of their undertakings, the "tumble" hurt, and, true to their grafter nature, they condemn the place for all time. There are also those who claim that it is a profitable field of activity only at certain times; "when a big strike is on," I heard one man say. They have happened to visit the city when there was considerable "doing," and liked it. At the next visit things were quieter, the "percentage" detectives were hungry, and the expenses were greater than the plunder. Consequently, they think it is all luck whether a grafter comes out winner or loser. Some find Chicago better in winter than in summer, more hospitable to old men than to young men, a good lodging-house town and a poor one, hostile and friendly, "dead" and "wise."

In April, however, of last year (1900), the consensus of opinion among the grafters with whom I talked was that Chicago was the best stopping-place for tramps and thieves in the United States. To be sure, I interviewed only a small number of the thousands that are in the city, but they were so unanimous in expressing the opinion given that it is fair to assume that they spoke for the crowd as well as for themselves. The best explanation of the city's popularity came from a tramp, called Wyoming Slivers; I mention his name because he does not care. Some years ago this man achieved considerable notoriety in the tramp world by marrying a well-to-do widow in Minnesota. When she died, she left him $10,000 to do as he liked with, and he elected to invest it in a six months' spree, in which all Hoboland was invited to take part. Slivers came out of the adventure minus three fingers and an ear, but before it was over ten of his pals

lay down and died in different parts of the West.

### THE GANG'S HONESTY.

I found Slivers in the "Friendship" lodging-house off Madison Street. He is a good talker, dresses well, very well for a man who has not done a stroke of work for the last ten years, and is generous with his money, of which he always has a little. In regard to Chicago he spoke as follows: "I like it 'cause it's honest. The City Hall gang went into office on the promise that the town was to be open, an' they've kept it open. Course they've got to put up a little bluff when the reformers get after 'em, but I know, an' the push knows, that Chi is goin' to be 'right' for the likes o' you an' me as long as the gang is in power. The reformers can't bluff the gang for a minute. 'Tain't the way 't is in York, where the gang says one thing an' does another. Not on your life. I know exactly how far I can go, an' what I can do in Chi, an' that's the reason I feel so at home. It's the same way with the gun (thief). Course he's got to cough up to the coppers ev'ry now an' then, but that's fair enough. You can't get somethin' for nothin' anywhere. If the copper does me a favor I got to do him one, ain't I? The world's a graft any way you take it. Chi ain't no free-soup kitchen. The City Hall people want their graft just as much as I do, an' they ain't lyin' about it. To hear the York gang talk you'd think they was all angels. A town ought to be either open or shut, an' the gang ought to say which it's to be. We know what Chi is, an' that's why we hold 'er down."

Although expressed in different words by different men, this is what was said to me about Chicago by the majority of the grafters whose confidence I succeeded in getting. There were some, of course, who thought that the Powers that Rule were not as honest with the Under World on every occasion as they ought to be. I heard a number of harsh criticisms of the police, for instance; but the prevailing opinion was that the municipal government, as a whole, is about as fair to grafters as civilization at the end of the nineteenth century will allow. No grafter denied that in being fair to his world the authorities were unfair to the honest and hard-working tax-payers. All frankly admitted that the city was "tough" and corrupt, but they declared with equal frankness that they were not in Chicago to reform it. "I take a place as I find it, and not as it ought to be," one man said to me, and he expressed the feeling of his class. In another article will be found the Under World's suggestions in regard to the things to be done to protect our cities against "grafters," but they come from men who are comparatively inactive. Those who are still successfully grafting have but little to say about reform; actual, rather than ideal, conditions are what interest them. How Chicago would seem with an honest municipal government is, from their point of view, an academic subject which it profits very little to discuss. What Chicago is now, and is likely to be for the next six months or a year, is the vital question to them, and they discuss it as earnestly as do the politicians. They are practical, hard-headed men who want to know every morning when they get up exactly how far they can go during the day, and municipal government is narrowed down for them to the mayor, the police, and the judges who happen to be in office. These are the Powers that Rule in our cities with whom they are most concerned, and they flock to a city or not, as they are given to understand that their chances are to be good or bad. At the present moment, as the Wyoming tramp explained, they consider their chances in Chicago good, and it is estimated by conservative observers that they are fully 50,000 strong within the city limits, counting all the different types.

### PICKERS OF THE PUBLIC'S PURSE.

In talking with them about the city, I followed their own method, and asked for information mainly about the mayor, the police department, and the courts. The City Council was occasionally referred to in conversation, more so, indeed, than in any of the other cities investigated, but almost exclusively in connection with the unknown grafter. It is the opinion of the known grafters that the big "steals" in Chicago are perpetrated by men who are officially recognized as respectable members of the community, and the Town Council was spoken of as an exceptionally well-trained "stall" to assist in picking the public's pocket. An old bank burglar, with whom I talked, went so far as to say that one of the Councilmen used to be a saloon-keeper in whose care he (the bank burglar) and his pals left their burglars' tools between "jobs."

"Of course, I ain't kickin' that —— —— has come on so well," the burglar explained,

"but it's a little difficult for a fellow like me to think o'-squarin' it an' livin' respectable, as the good people say I ought to, when they give me for a city father a man that I know is a grafter. You can't reform nobody by puttin' crooked masters over 'em, an' they'll find that out in this burgh some day, too. As things are now I think I'm more on the level than —— —— is. I get out an' take my chances like a man, an' if I'm caught, I take my trip over the road, an' that's the end of it. —— —— does all his work under cover. I've been under cover, too, but I never got myself elected to a Town Council in order to hide."

Of the Mayor of Chicago, Carter Harrison by name, the Under World has but little to say that is not complimentary. The prevailing opinion is that there is no other chief magistrate of a town in the United States who has done as much for "the working classes" and, indirectly, for the classes that don't work—tramps and others—as the present Mayor of Chicago. A pickpocket expressed the sentiment of the grafters in regard to Mr. Harrison better than anybody else with whom I talked.

"When Harrison was elected," the pickpocket explained, "he had to choose between the workin'men an' the millionaires for his push, an' he chose the workin'men. Course he's a politician, an' took up with the workin'men for reasons that he thought over a long while before he took sides with 'em, but the point is that he t'rew down the big guys. Ever since he's been in the City Hall the people 't ain't got no dough has had a chance. Look at the tramps that lives here. They come to Chi 'cause they know that the town's right, that Harrison ain't goin' to see 'em persecuted. Course the rich people kick at the way the town's run, but that's jus' because they ain't in it. Those street-car gold bugs 'ud 'a' fallen in love with Harrison 'f he'd done what they wanted 'im to do; they got hostile 'cause he passed 'em up. I like him an' the push likes him 'cause he gives us rope."

### THE POLICE FORCE IS GRAFTING.

To report all that was said to me about the police of Chicago would take a book in itself. In every municipal government it is the police force that the grafter knows best and thinks most about, and practically all of his criticisms of the management of a city begin with, or drift back to, the Front Office. He recognizes that the Front Office is often run by outsiders, such as political bosses, but if you ask him to put his finger on the weak spot in a city's municipal defense, provided there is a weak spot, he invariably directs you to the authorities at police headquarters. He knows what a police force that is "on the level" can do to keep a city clean, and if it is not clean, it is plain to him that the police department either has orders "from above" not to do its duty, or has refused of its own accord. In the case of Chicago, it is his opinion that the police department consents to the city's being "open," and has an understanding to this effect with the other Powers that Rule. It is part and parcel of an administration which is trying to keep its word with the constituency which put it into power. Naturally, the chief of the force cannot admit this openly; there is another constituency in Chicago which desires that the city be cleaned up, and, minority though it is, the chief cannot afford to insult it. The Under World, however, can read between the lines of the chief's proclamations, and knows that the city is to remain open. As a tramp said to me: "No police force is on the square with the respectable people of a town that allows as many guns in the city limits as are here in Chi. Wherever you see guns and grafters as strong as they are here, you can put it down in your note-book that the police force is grafting."

### WHERE COPPERS LOOK FOR COMFORT.

One of the best illustrations of the indifference of the Chicago police force to the criminal situation in the city is the freedom with which the "hold-up" and "strong-arm" men conduct their operations. They have "worked" so long in Chicago that the city has become notorious as one of their main "hang-outs," and the police apparently make very little effort to apprehend them. Until talking with the grafters who make Chicago their headquarters, I have been inclined to believe that the "strong-arm" crimes were committed by men who were transients in the city, but I am assured that this is not the case. "They live here, and in the majority of cases are known to the police," one man said to me. "You can give up the other notion, too, that lots of people have, about their being desperate out-of-works. They are professional grafters, every one of them, and I can call the turn on nearly fifty myself." This same informant is authority for the statement that

the "hold-ups" in Chicago can be stopped at any time that the police desire to stop them. "The trouble is," he remarked in a conversation about this matter, "that the police don't care whether they're stopped or not. Take a walk some night way out on the south side, where a lot of "hold-ups" have come off, and see how many coppers you'll find. At three o'clock in the morning you'll be lucky if you find one in two miles. They're all in the clear. They don't give a —— about you; they're looking for comfort. Even downtown they are likely to be in the clear when you want 'em most. Course I don't care. It suits my purposes tip-top, but I'm just tellin' you why the strong-arm grafters go it so strong."

As contributory evidence of this man's statement about the Chicago police being "in the clear" when they are most likely to be needed, I can say that I spent an entire hour in the neighborhood of Washington Park, on the south side, one morning about two o'clock, and searched in vain in street after street for a policeman to direct me on my way. It is a locality where a "hold-up" might easily take place, and it was a matter of wonder to a number of my friends that I was not relieved of my valuables.

### PROTECTED "STRONG-ARM" MEN.

To show how easy it is to find out who the "strong-arm" men are in Chicago, when it is really desired to discover them, I give here the names of a few of the west-side grafters of this character, who have "operated" in Chicago off and on for years. If any one desires their last-known addresses he can be accommodated.

*Pickpockets and Strong-arm Men.*

"Dan" and "Jerry" Kelly,
Daniel Canary,
Michael Casey,
John Ryan,
"Paddy" and John Gorman,
William Aherron,
Robert Calendine,
"Bill" Braino,
Robert Bruce,
Thomas, *alias* "Bull," Shaughnessy,
James Barry,
"Paddy" Masterson,
Patrick Kennedy,
Eugene Ryan,
William Ryan,
John, *alias* "Buck," Trey,
John Marshall,
"Ed," "Tom," and "Jack" O'Neil,
"Bill" Kennedy,
George Worington,

All of these men have operated within the jurisdiction of the Chicago police, and a trustworthy informant declares that all have received some kind of protection.

George Worington, the last man in the list, and a strong-arm companion called Kennedy some time ago held up an elderly gentleman at the corner of Western Avenue and Sixteenth Street, taking away the man's watch and a few dollars. An innocent party was arrested for the crime and bound over to the Grand Jury. In course of time his case came to the notice of an acquaintance of mine, who made an investigation, and discovered that the accused party had not been away from his home on the night the robbery took place longer than was necessary to step across the street on which he lived to a saloon for a can of beer. It so happened that Worington and Kennedy, together with the policeman who made the arrest, were in the saloon at the time the innocent man entered it. Worington and Kennedy left almost immediately, and a half hour after the innocent man had returned to his home the report of the "hold-up" was announced. The policeman arrested him as the guilty party, and he would very possibly have been "railroaded," had not the policeman foolishly remarked one day, winking significantly at the same time, that "he knew" who did the Sixteenth Street hold-up, allowing a certain party to infer that the man bound over to the Grand Jury was innocent. The acquaintance of mine referred to, on getting this information, notified the policeman, as well as Kennedy and Worington, that unless the innocent man was released, he would take steps to bring all three into court. Two days later the accused man was turned loose, and no more was ever heard of the matter. I give this case as an example of police protection, as well as proof of the league that so often exists between the police and the grafter.

### PAY FOR THE "MOUTHPIECE" OF THE POLICE.

Another illustration will not be out of place. In March of last year some copper was taken from a railroad car standing on a side track in one of the Chicago yards. One afternoon the owner of the copper was notified by the police that they desired to have an interview with him. The owner called on the police and learned that they had a "mouthpiece," who thought he could locate the copper if it were made worth while.

The owner refused to make any such deal, and the matter was dropped by the police.

A week or so later the "mouthpiece" presented himself at the man's office, and said that he had not only located the copper and the thieves, but had also paid money down to insure the delivery of the copper.

"I can't get you the copper yet, though," he went on to explain, "'cause too many are watchin' the plant, an' the guns don't want to have to divy with the coppers. When the two fly-cops give up waitin', the guns an' me can come to terms, an' then you can settle with me alone."

At the last account negotiations were still pending between the owner of the copper and the "mouthpiece."

The graft at the police stations is said to run from the lieutenants to the inspectors, but I am assured that a man, who has been robbed in a known joint and goes to the police station to complain, is pretty likely to get his money back when his "pull" is stronger than the joint's. If he is a stranger in the city, and is unable to put up much of a "front," his chances of ever seeing his valuables again are slim. A man, for instance, lost his watch and $90 in cash in a joint in a certain inspector's district. A friend, with no particular pull beyond a bowing acquaintance with the inspector, called at the latter's office and tried to interest him in the case.

"Where did you say the man was robbed?" the inspector asked. The place was specified.

"My God, I didn't know there was a joint there." The watch was eventually recovered, but without the help of the police.

### ORDERED TO STEAL.

In regard to the Front Office men in Chicago, the detectives from headquarters, there are nearly as many opinions as there are detectives. Speaking generally, they are not considered particularly "wise." "No up-to-date Elbows, whether they were on the level or not," one man said to me, "would let as many touches come off as these Chicago guys do. Why, you can graft right in front o' some o' them, an' they won't know what you're doin'. I'll bet you ten to one that you an' me could take a walk now through the streets an' see a lot o' graftin', an' yet those Front Office Johnnies 'll make the same trip an' go home empty-handed. There's one fellow up there that ought to be wise, 'cause he rubbered for years when he was on duty in the criminal court, but he's the only one 't I know that's likely to be, an' he may not be up-to-date about the new mugs. To be a wise Elbow you got to keep rubberin' an' rubberin' day an' night, an' you got to know how to rubber. A third-class grafter could give some o' those Front Office people points in the business."

An experience of a friend of mine with an old-time pickpocket will throw light on the policy of the Front Office, as represented by at least three of its operatives. The pickpocket had returned to Chicago from the West, after serving a sentence in prison. He reached the city absolutely penniless. The first persons to recognize him were three detectives from headquarters, and with tears in his eyes he reported to my friend the conversation that took place between them.

"'How much money you got?' they asked me. 'Not a red,' I said, 'I just struck town.'

"'You old liar, you! Cough up now, or there'll be a pinch.'

"'It's God's truth, men, I ain't got the price of a bed in a five-cent lodgin'-house.'

"'Well, you want to hustle around quick an' get some, an' don't forget that there's three of us.'

"Course I hustled, an' had to pay 'em their percentage, but I told 'em on the level that times was gettin' tough when they wouldn't give an old-timer like me a chance to catch his breath before they braced 'im. If I had all the money 't I've had to cough up to that kind o' fellows, I could live in the Auditorium Hotel for the rest o' my days."

### HUNGRY POLICE COURTS.

Of the police courts in Chicago there is not much that I have to report as coming from the Under World, save the alleged fact that they are extremely "hungry." One man said to me that, if he were a policeman, he would rather take almost any case to the common police rather than to the Grand Jury, because "the court had such a big appetite. The judge 'll fine anything from a Nanny-goat to a horse-block, if there's any likelihood of the fine bein' paid, an' the Grand Jury may not even indict in a murder case, on account o' the 'influoence' run up against it." An interesting court to observe is the one at the Harrison Street Police Station. The professional-bail business is carried on here in a way that would

prove instructive, even to certain "wise" New Yorkers.

Concerning the different categories of professional thieves to be met in Chicago, a great deal might be written, but the most that I can attempt here is a very general classification. The pickpockets—first class, second class, and beginners—constitute probably a third, if not more, of all the known grafters in the city. It is reported that there is a syndicate in Chicago, which sends "mobs" of pickpockets all over the West as occasion demands, but I did not come in contact with any "tool" or "stall" who was willing to admit that he worked under the syndicate's orders.

### THE UNDEFINED "YEGG-MEN."

Another third of the local criminal population is made up of general thieves—boys and men who steal anything that they can conveniently lay their hands on and make away with. A great many of the so-called strong-arm and hold-up offenders are in this category. They are nearly all shabbily dressed and uncouth characters, but little above the tramp in appearance and manner. Occasionally one of them develops considerable skill in a certain line of outlawry, attracts the notice of some first-class men, and is trained to do high-grade work, but for every one who goes up in the scale fifty go down. The great majority are what certain detectives call "Yegg-men," which is a term, by the way, that the detectives would do well to define. As far as I can discover it means tramp-thieves, but the average tramp seldom uses the word. Hoboes that break safes in country post-offices come under the Yegg-men classification.

The remaining third of Chicago's professional thieves are good, bad, and indifferent "sneaks," "porch-climbers," "slough-workers," "Peter-men," "prop-getters," "shovers of the queer," and representatives of all the other specialties in criminal work. The time has been, and I have no reason to think that it has passed, when a man could go to Chicago and collect together as "slick" a "mob" of trained guns as the country contains, and there are men that organize mobs who prefer Chicago talent to any other. As far as I can see, however, it is largely a matter of personal preference and acquaintance, for there are those who have a similar partiality for San Francisco, Boston, Philadelphia, and New York.

### THE AFFABLE PICKPOCKET.

The general character of the Chicago gun is more or less similar to that of guns in other parts of the country, but those who have been born and brought up in the city—at any rate, the few with whom I am acquainted—seemed to me to be a little rougher than the Eastern product. I think also that they do not set as much store on fine "togs," as the New York, Boston, and Philadelphia guns do. Those who are able dress well, but not so distinctly in style, it seemed to me, as their Eastern companions. Socially they can be as pleasant as any set of men in the world; indeed, if I were asked to state the most remarkable quality of guns of the first class, I think that I should single out their ability to be companionable, when they want to take the trouble to show their best side.

I nearly had my "light" put out on one of my night expeditions in the city, and the man who, for the moment, would have been glad to see it go out was a "gun"; but it is only fair to say that on the night in question he was not in a mood to show his best side. The trouble began on account of the word scissors, which I insisted should be spelled as I have written it; the gun said that "the grammar spelled it, sizors." An inevitable argument followed, and in the midst of it the gun leveled his fist at my face. I disappeared rather awkwardly, but successfully, and two days afterward the affair was referred to as "a closed incident" by the gun, and as a close shave by me.

### THE THIEF'S EARNINGS.

Of the winnings of the thieves in Chicago it is impossible to give any accurate report, but it is a commonly accepted fact, among those who are in a position to know, that the first-class men live luxuriously when they are in funds. By first-class men I mean thieves who average from $500 to $1,000 a "job." There are first-class pickpockets who are content with $25 a "touch," if the touches come often enough, but the idea is that the skilled men only undertake work which they are sure will bring good returns. The men with the biggest names and records are not necessarily first-class men. "Blinky" Morgan, for instance, had a reputation in Ohio, some years ago, nearly as great as that of Jesse James, and I had always imagined, until meeting one of his old companions recently in Chicago, that he be-

longed to the aristocracy of American offenders, but he was considered a second-class man.

An expert shoplifter in Chicago can make from $15 to $25 a day; a good porch-climber from $1 to $1,000 a night, just as he happens to strike it; a skilled sneak anywhere from an overcoat to a thick roll of bank bills. On the other hand, there come weeks when nothing is realized. The life is extremely precarious, and men who have their pockets overflowing with money one month are the next month reduced to penury.

Although the tramp cannot be reckoned with the thief class, he is such a prominent figure in the life of Chicago that a paragraph in regard to his position in the city will not be inappropriate. In every city he is a good index of the character of the local municipal government. As a general rule, all cities where fakirs show up strong in the streets, and tramps have a quarter of their own, are recognized by grafters in general as "open burghs." Chicago is overrun with fakirs, and its Madison Street tramp headquarters is one of the most notorious hobo nests in the United States. A beggar can "hold down" the city with impunity from one end of the year to the other. I have been in Chicago four times in the last two years, and each time the town was littered up with roadsters from all over the United States. A great many of them only barely keep body and soul together, but there are those who take in $5 a day regularly.

### THE POSITION OF THE PRESS.

I cannot close this chapter without quoting the Under World of Chicago in regard to the local newspapers. I asked one man which paper he thought made the most effort to expose the criminal situation in the city, and his reply gave rise to comments by other informants. It was the man's opinion that no newspaper followed up things after the news editor's sense of "beat" had been satisfied.*

"They all just skim over the surface," he declared, "an' they make such a noise about the little that they do publish that the public's got tired. It makes a Chicago business man weary now to chew the rag with him about the 'c'rupshun' in the city. He's heard an' read about it till he don't want to see the word any more."

Others ventured the statement that no paper in the city would be willing to publish facts about actual deals between the police and the thieves, giving dates and names; "the politicians wouldn't stand for it," they said.

"Any paper," one man declared, "if it wanted to pay the price, which, o' course, would have to be big, could hire some good thief to tell all 't he knows, but it 'ud be afraid to publish his story just because he was a thief. The police an' the politicians have got this town by the neck, an' that's all there is about it. The newspapers can't hurt 'em."

This may be true, but there are certainly "wise" newspaper men in Chicago, and methinks that if one of the dailies would give some reporter time enough to follow up an assignment not merely until the news editor was satisfied, but until a jury would have to convict, an exceptionally interesting, say, "Sunday feature" would be the result.

Summing up the Under World's criticism, as I learned it, of the Upper World's municipal defense against crime in Chicago, the following seem to be the main points: The city is a recognized haunt of tramps and thieves; and where tramps and thieves congregate by permission in large numbers, the municipal authorities are not "on the level." It is firmly believed that there exists an understanding between a number of the thieves in the city and some of the detectives, and that it is comparatively easy to make a "spring" out of the clutches of the law, when there is sufficient money to hand around to the various persons with "pull." The Pinkerton Detective Agency, it was asserted, could protect Chicago for less than two-thirds of what the municipal police department now costs the tax-payers, and the protection would be real and thorough. When the present administration finishes its operations in the city, it is the opinion of the Under World that a reform administration will be necessary, in order to save something for the next City Hall clique to spend.

* Since this was written, the Chicago newspapers have ventilated the condition of affairs very thoroughly, and have "followed up things" in a very circumstantial manner. In any event the above is credited only as one criminal's view.—ED. McCLURE'S.

# ELLENEEN.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.

THERE was a cheerful noise within the house that mid-winter day, but Mary Ann Dunn looked up innocently from her ironing as her pretty younger sister opened the door and came in. Ellen had only arrived from Ireland in the late autumn; she was still a greenhorn, in spite of the first snow, and several weeks' steady work in the cotton mills of the next town, and even in spite of a fine American hat which waved its feathers in a sort of angry incoherence.

Mary Ann's two babies were playing with a puppy, and the three young creatures seemed to cover the whole floor. There was a door open behind them into a comfortable bedroom, and a bright clean oilcloth on the floor of the kitchen; there was a gay little clacking clock on the high chimney shelf above the stove, with a pair of shining lamps. Everything was cheerfully clean and thrifty in the warm little place, and Mary Ann herself looked as if she were able to keep her housekeeping up to the highest standard.

"Well, there now!" she exclaimed with an almost ostentatious air of hospitality. "How are ye the day, Elleneen? I was after wishing you here a minute ago; how come you out?"

"I'm loafing for the afternoon," said the guest disconsolately. "There was something stopped wit' the machine-ry. I wish fast enough I was out altogether. I'll never get learnt, annyway; me mind ain't on it."

"Oh, go 'way!" responded Mary Ann vigorously.

"'Tis thrue for me. I'm getting pay now only for their being so short-handed; but me mind ain't on it nor in it, so it ain't."

Mary Ann made an inarticulate sound signifying contempt.

"I t'ought I'd come over an' give yez a lift wit' the houseworrk," ventured Ellen somewhat timidly.

"Well, I'm obliged to your kindness," said Mary Ann amiably. "I've enough to do, 'tis thrue for me. That biggest one, Hinry there, was roaring all night wit' the ear-ache, an' I'd small chance to sleep."

"Coom, Hinry, coom an' see aunty Ellen," said the visitor, who was still standing, and turned now to show an interest in the three playmates. "Well, I'll go lay me hat in on the bed; they might be picking off all me feathers if our backs 'ould be turned."

"No, no, give it here to me; that Hinry 'd be on the bed after it aisier than anny place," exclaimed Mary Ann anxiously. "Give me your jacket too, an' I'll put them here, see, on the hook behind the door. Sit down wit' yourself by the stove an' rest a while till we tark a bit. What's all the news?"

"I'd rather be doin' something," protested Ellen.

"Well, I've me ironing most done," answered Mary Ann, "an' I'll be thinking what I'd best do next. Faix, I've enough of it. Hinry, there, ain't got a whole frock nor a dacint petticoat to put on. He's the torment, annyway."

The smiling Henry toddled over to his young aunt, and made an attempt at familiar speech.

"'Tis sweeties he do be asking for," explained the intelligent mother. "No more sweeties 'll he get, the day, I can tell him!"

"Did you get nice sweeties the day, darlin'?" asked Ellen with ready sympathy as she lifted the solid, unwilling little shape to her lap, whence he promptly slipped to the floor again, to stand facing her at a safe distance, and begin a second series of perfectly unintelligible remarks.

"Pity for you, you 'ont learn to tark like a Christian; a great man of a shild like you!" scoffed his mother with assumed severity. "See how well your aunty can't get the sense of a word you say! 'Tis of the nice grocer man he bees tarking, that niver comes inside the door 'less there's a sweetie in his pocket for Hinry. Well, then, you should have the pride to tark like other folks, as I'm always advising you."

Henry had not more than reached the age of two years, but he was evidently animated by a fiery spirit that served him well in the place of experience. He now stamped his

little foot and protested loudly, but his elders went on talking over his head with perfect indifference, and presently he returned, not in the least sulky, to the lively company of the smaller baby and their friendly little dog.

"I'm sorry enough that I ever come out," Ellen announced regretfully, after a pause.

"Ain't you the big fool!" remarked the elder sister, who was well married and settled in a good tenement, which even afforded a best room and a magnificent piano lamp with a yellow silk shade, a wedding present given by her man's associates at the gas-house. "I never saw the half day I wanted to go back," she continued; "I might like just to see the folks an' make a little visit of two-t'ree weeks. Himself was having great tark last night about his own old folks, and sometime he'd get a couple of months off an' we'd go home. He'd like well to show Hinry there to his fader. 'What tark you have of goin' home like a lord,' says I to him; 'for mesilf I'd rather the money was well in the bank than spending it on them dirty ships goin' home.' I'd like well enough to see me mother too," she added more softly; "but John's a great boy to spend his money if I wa'n't sharp wit' him. I've deceived him that a good deal wint to pay the grocer's books that's safe in the bank this minute. Only last night he come home wit' a suit o' clothes for Hinry there, that was a good three sizes too big. I'm all put back wit' me ironin'; I had to go carry 'em back to the store this morning soon as me dishes was done."

"'Tis better than the stingy kind," sighed Ellen.

"Ain't you downhearted the day?—Loafin' ain't good for you," said Mary Ann as she came briskly to the stove for a hot iron and stood for a moment holding it near her cheek. "Whisper now; what kind of a b'y was Danny, John's next brother, the one that they kept at home on the land? John has great tark of him bein' so smart; but he's far too foolish about his own folks, we all know."

"Oh, he's the lovely b'y; he's twice as handsome as John—I ain't sayin' but John's good-looking too," responded Ellen with a lively blush. "Oh, I thinks very often o' poor Danny," she added softly. "We parted very angry, too, wit' each other."

Ellen grew rosier still, and the tears shone in her pretty eyes and were winked away, and then they came back again at once. "'Twas all me own fault," she managed to say.

"Well, there's no harm done," Mary Ann insisted kindly. "There's smart b'ys enough to be choosing—pretty b'ys, too. Jerry Callahan was walking wit' you last Sunday."

"He's a great lout, so he is," said Ellen with sudden fury. "I turned down a street to get rid of his company. Great omadhaun!"

"An' Phil Carroll's a good fellow that come away from Mass wit' you on the Sunday before. Oh, there's little birds tells me everything; an' all the b'ys said you was the prettiest girl on the floor last Saturday's dance a week ago."

But Ellen would not be cheered. "'Tis aisy tarking, then," she answered gloomily. "'Tis all them fools has to tark about, is other people and what they does."

"John says his brother Dan's got his mind on some girl now; I don't know who it was told him——"

"Oh, 'tis that tall Desmond girl at home, that lived on this side the road beyond Donnelly's. She always wanted him," said Ellen after a strange little pause, but the color all left her bright cheeks. Mary Ann did not look round, but seemed more than usually intent on her ironing work.

"She had money too, hadn't she?" Mary Ann persisted.

"Folks said it of her; 'twas from an old aunt in Dublin that she got named after. Some said it was forty pounds—there was conversation about nothing else an' I coming away."

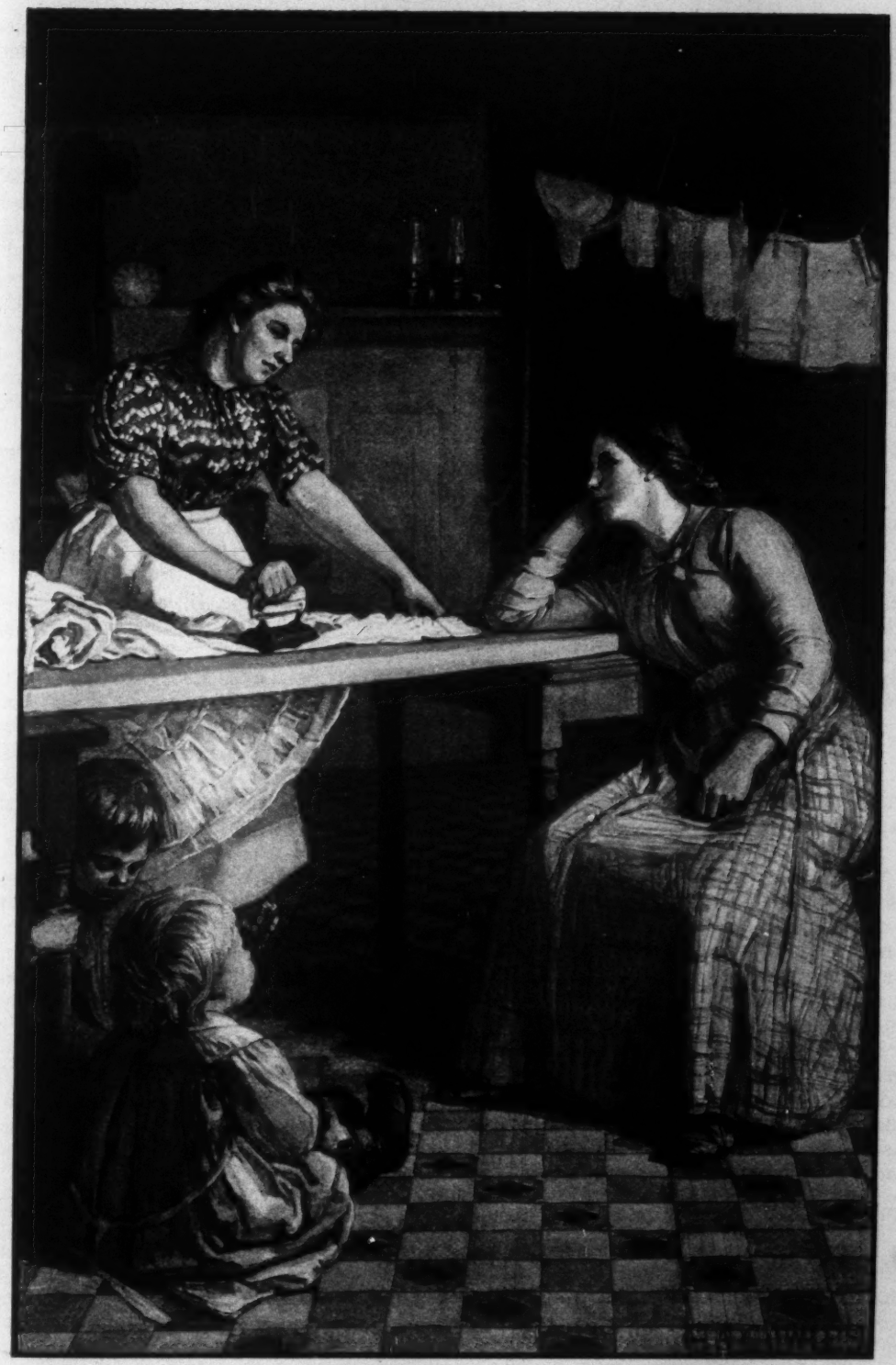
Ellen spoke slowly as if with much effort.

"What come between you an' Danny, then, if you liked him?" asked Mary Ann with the authority and directness of an elder sister and a married woman.

"'Twas me own foolishness; there ain't a day but I says it," answered Ellen mournfully. "I never thought of anny one but poor Danny, an' I never was satisfied till I'd find some way to tease him. He'd them honest eyes like John's, that'd be lookin' at you all the time like an old dog, and he'd take every word a girl said for the thruth, an' I wint too far wit' telling him he'd no wish for anny one but the Desmond girl since she got her money."

"Most like 'twas but forty shillings in the stead o' pounds," said Mary Ann consolingly. "Well, an' what happened then?"

"I'd given him no promise," said Ellen, more sadly still, "except 'twas in me own heart. I think I'll never see anny one in the world like Danny; an' he had the lovely patience wit' me for a grand while, till I plagued him too far an' we had a smitch o' tark that day on the road. All the way we didn't stop a bird from singing, we



"'OH, HE'S THE LOVELY B'Y; HE'S TWICE AS HANDSOME AS JOHN. . .
OH, I THINKS VERY OFTEN O' POOR DANNY.'"

were so quiet ourselves, till I t'ought I'd tease him; an' he pled with me then like a priest—would I turn away from him altogether and misthrust him so? An' I don't know ever since why didn't I give in, but I didn't, an' I turned an' walked off down the road from him, an' I thought ivery step I took he'd be after me, till I'd changed me mind so much I demeaned meself to look over me shoulder, an' he wasn't stopping where I left him at all, but going off like a soldier, most out o' sight. An' he wouldn't look back, an' thin I called loud enough to him, and afterward I went back of the furze bushes, so none o' the market folks would see me, an' I cried till all me tears was gone. So that's the ind; and I ain't the first girl, either, that was such a fool, but I wish I'd be the last."

"An' what made you come off then an' l'ave him? All the while since you come out I've said to John you wa'n't happy; 'twa'n't Ameriky displeased you, but something of your own was on your mind. You might have had the sinse to speak," said Mary Ann, with awful severity; "an' John makin' things worse with writin' home what admiration all the b'ys had for your looks an' your dancing."

"I was full to the head o' me wit' pride an' sorrow, an' I wouldn't let on I'd got hurted," said Ellen, "an' I come out to hide away from ivery one there, an' now I've told all. Ah, 'tis all done an' over. Folks would try to tease me, an' there was those would both fetch a lie an' carry one, an' fan the fire o' throuble. I listened for him whistling by night whin 'twas fine an' dark, as he'd always done when he'd waited a while after our little pets before, an' I'd run out to him then, an' we'd make up lovely what throubles had been between us. But this time he'd no whistle left, an' they told me he was seen a good deal up to Desmond's, an' all that. Sometimes I'm glad I come away, an' sometimes me heart's broke that I was iver such a fool. He'd never speak to me again anny way; but I don't blame 'im ayther."

Ellen had now come to the point where she couldn't do without the help of a much fumbled little handkerchief. "He didn't come with all the neighbors to say good-by to me, an' I was lookin' for him to come an' stop me from it, an' I pretindin' to be full of laugh and very gay-hearted, so nobody'd carry him word, an' I thought the first month I was here I'd be getting a letter from him ivery day, or a word in somebody's letter to wish me luck; two or t'ree times I sint word to him with the rest, wishing him happiness and not making anny joke at all."

"You were the big fool," pronounced Mary Ann coldly, as she tried another iron with her wetted finger; "I've got no word meself but that for yez." She tried to look harshly at poor Ellen, who still sat crying. "Coom now, Elleneen, don't feel too bad; don't cry, Elleneen dear. This is the last iron, an' then we'll sit down an' make Hinry his two little petticoats when I've done me last pieces here, an' I'll make the tay early for the two of us. You'd better think of some o' the other b'ys, now that's all past." But Ellen only cried the more.

"'Tis plain enough now he don't care very much for anny one," said Mary Ann with cold decision.

There was a sudden noise in the room beyond, as if somebody protested at the last remark.

"Run quick for me, Elleneen," exclaimed Mary Ann; "'tis the little dog in there tipping everything over."

Elleneen ran, and Henry toddled after her, and the innocent puppy after him. There was a shriek of joy and the sudden appearance of a big, hearty young man with bright curly hair and a wistful face. Danny had been waiting all the time, a suffering captive in the inner room.

"She saw you coming," humbly explained the lover to his happy Elleneen a minute later. "'Twas Mary Ann seen you coming on the street, sure, whin I was just getting me directions how I'd go find you. An' she said if I come out before she'd give me l'ave, she'd have me heart's blood. I t'ought ivery nixt minute she'd break the news for us. Sure I worked iver since to get the money for me passage. Don't mind me harkin' to all the poor little sorrows, darlin'; sure 'tis meself only loves you the more. Don't mind me for stayin' in the room."

"Ah-h!" said Ellen, returning to her old sports as soon as she could speak, "'twas just like a stupid man! Sure, I'd been out o' me cage like a wild blackbird the minute I got sound o' your voice. Anny way, I've got the lovely pinance after me confession."

And Elleneen hid her face again in the rough frieze coat, which still carried a homelike fragrance of turf smoke, though mixed with the duller and more recent odors of tobacco and the salt sea.

# THE WOMAN AND HER BONDS.

## A STORY OF WALL STREET.

By Edwin Lefèvre.

IT seemed to Fullerton F. Colwell, of the famous Stock-Exchange house of Wilson & Graves, that he had done his full duty by his friend Harry Hunt. He was a director in a half-score of companies—financial *débutantes*—which his firm had "brought out" and over whose stock-market destinies he presided. His partners left a great deal to him, and even the clerks in the office ungrudgingly acknowledged that Mr. Colwell was "the hardest worked man in the place, barring none"—an admission that means much to those who know it is always the downtrodden clerks who do all the work and their employers who take all the profit and credit. Possibly the important young men who did all the work in Wilson & Graves' office bore witness to Mr. Colwell's industry so cheerfully, because Mr. Colwell was ever inquiring, very courteously, and, above all, sympathetically, into the amount of work each man had to perform, and suggesting, the next moment, that the laborious amount in question was indisputably excessive. Also,

it was he who raised salaries; wherefore he was the most charming as well as the busiest man there. Of his partners, John G. Wilson was a consumptive, forever going from one health-resort to another, devoting his millions to the purchase of railroad tickets in the hope of out-racing Death. George B. Graves was a dyspeptic, nervous, irritable, and, to boot, penurious; a man whose chief recommendation at the time Wilson formed the firm had been his cheerful willingness to do all the dirty work—not an inconsiderable portion of the every-day business of a big Wall Street house. Frederick R. Denton was busy in the "Board Room"—the Stock-Exchange—all day, executing orders, keeping watch over the market behavior of the stocks with which the firm was identified, and from time to time hearing things not meant for his ears, being the truth regarding Wilson & Graves. But Fullerton F. Colwell had to do everything—in the stock-market and in the office. He conducted the manipulation of the Wilson & Graves stocks, took charge of the un-nefarious part of the numerous pools formed by the firm's customers—Mr. Graves attending to the other details—and had a hand in the actual management of various corporations. Also, he conferred with a dozen people daily—chiefly "big people," in Wall Street parlance—who were about to "put through" stock-market "deals." He had devoted his time, which was worth thousands, and his brain, which was worth millions, to disentangling his careless friend's affairs, and when it was all over and every claim adjusted, and he had refused the executor's fees to which he was entitled, it was found that poor Harry Hunt's estate not only was free from debt, but consisted of $38,000 in cash, deposited in the Trolleyman's Trust Company, subject to Mrs. Hunt's order, and drawing interest at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum. He had done his work wonderfully well, and, in addition to the cash, the widow owned an unencumbered house Harry had given her during his lifetime.

Not long after the settlement of the estate Mrs. Hunt called at his office. It was a very busy day. The bears were misbehaving—and misbehaving mighty successfully. Alabama Coal & Iron—the firm's great specialty—was under heavy fire from "Sam" Sharpe's Long Tom as well as from the room-traders' Maxims. All that Colwell could do was to instruct Denton, who was on the ground, to "support" *Ala. C. & I.* sufficiently to discourage the enemy, and not enough to acquire the company's entire capital stock. He was himself at that moment practising that peculiar form of financial dissimulation which amounts to singing blithely at the top of your voice when your beloved sackful of gold has been ripped by bear-paws and the coins are pouring out through the rent. Every quotation was of importance; a half-inch of tape might contain an epic of disaster. It was not wise to fail to read every printed character.

"Good morning, Mr. Fullerton."

He ceased to pass the tape through his fingers, and turned quickly, almost apprehensively, for a woman's voice was not heard with pleasure at an hour of the day when distractions were undesirable.

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Hunt," he said, very politely. "I am very glad indeed to see you. And how do you do?" He shook hands, and led her, a bit ceremoniously, to a huge arm-chair. His manners endeared him even to the big Wall Street operators, who were chiefly interested in the terse speech of the ticker.

"Of course, you are very well, Mrs. Hunt. Don't tell me you are not."

"Ye-es," hesitatingly. "As well as I can hope to be since—since Harry left me."

"Time alone, dear Mrs. Hunt, can help us. You must be very brave. It is what he would have liked."

"Yes, I know," she sighed. "I suppose I must."

There was a silence. He stood by, deferentially, sympathetic.

"*Ticky-ticky-ticky-tick*," said the ticker.

What did it mean, in figures? Reduced to dollars and cents, what did the last three brassy taps say? Perhaps the bears were storming the Alabama Coal & Iron intrenchments of "scaled buying orders"; perhaps Colwell's trusted lieutenant, Fred Denton, had repulsed the enemy. Who was winning? A spasm, as of pain, passed over Mr. Fullerton F. Colwell's grave face. But the next moment he said to her, slightly conscience-strickenly, as if he reproached himself for thinking of the stock-market in her presence: "You must not permit yourself to brood, Mrs. Hunt. You know what I thought of Harry, and I need not tell you how glad I shall be to do what I may, for his sake, Mrs. Hunt, and for your own."

"*Ticky-ticky-ticky-tick!*" repeated the ticker.

To avoid listening to the voluble little machine, he went on: "Believe me, Mrs. Hunt, I shall be only too glad to serve you."

"You are so kind, Mr. Colwell," murmured the widow; and after a pause: "I came to see you about that money."

"Yes?"

"They tell me in the trust company that if I leave the money there without touching it I'll make $79 a month."

"Let me see; yes; that is about what you may expect."

"Well, Mr. Colwell, I can't live on that.

"'*I came to see you about that money.*'"

Willie's school costs me $50, and then there's Edith's clothes," she went on, with the air of a martyr, which implied that as for herself she wouldn't care at all. "You see, he was so indulgent, and they are used to so much. Of course, it's a blessing we have the house; but taxes take up so much; and—isn't there some way of investing the money so it could bring more?"

"I might buy some bonds for you. But for your principal to be absolutely safe at all times, you will have to invest in very high-grade securities, which will return to you about 3½ per cent. That would mean, let's see, $110 a month."

"And Harry spent $10,000 a year," she murmured, complainingly.

"Harry was always—er—rather extravagant."

"Well, I'm glad he enjoyed himself while he lived," she said, quickly. Then, after a pause: "And, Mr. Colwell, if I should get tired of the bonds, could I always get my money back?"

"You could always find a ready market for them. You might sell them for a little more or for a little less than you paid."

"I shouldn't like to sell them," she said, with a business air, "for less than I paid. What would be the sense?"

"You are right, Mrs. Hunt," he said encouragingly. "It wouldn't be very profitable, would it?"

"*Ticky-ticky-ticky-ticky-ticky-ticky-tick!*" said the ticker. It was whirring away at a furious rate. Its story is always interesting when it is busy. And Colwell had not looked at the tape in fully five minutes!

"Couldn't you buy something for me, Mr. Colwell, that when I came to sell it I could get more than it cost me?"

"No man can guarantee that, Mrs. Hunt."

"I shouldn't like to lose the little I have," she said, hastily.

"Oh, there is no danger of that. If you will give me a check for $35,000, leaving $3,000 with the trust company for emergencies, I shall buy some bonds which I feel reasonably certain will advance in price within a few months."

"*Ticky-ticky-ticky-tick,*" interrupted the ticker. In some inexplicable way it seemed to him that the brassy sound had an ominous ring, so he added: "But you will have to let me know promptly, Mrs. Hunt. The stock-market, you see, is not a polite institution. It waits for none, not even for your sex."

"Gracious me, must I take the money out of the bank to-day and bring it to you?"

"A check will do." He began to drum on the desk nervously with his fingers, but ceased abruptly as he became aware of it.

"Very well. I'll send it to you to-day. I know you're very busy, so I won't keep you any longer. And you'll buy good, cheap bonds for me?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hunt."

"There's no danger of losing, is there, Mr. Colwell?"

"None whatever. I have bought some for Mrs. Colwell, and I would not run the slightest risk. You need have no fear about them."

"It's exceedingly kind of you. Mr. Colwell, I am more grateful than I can say. I—I——"

"The way to please me is not to mention it, Mrs. Hunt. I am going to try to make some money for you, so that you can at least double the income from the trust company."

"Thanks, ever so much. Of course, I know you are thoroughly familiar with such things. But I've heard so much about the money everybody loses in Wall Street that I was half afraid."

"Not when you buy good bonds, Mrs. Hunt."

"Good morning, Mr. Colwell."

"Good morning, Mrs. Hunt. Remember, whenever I may be of service you are to let me know immediately."

"Oh, thank you, so much, Mr. Colwell. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mrs. Hunt."

Mrs. Hunt sent him a check for $35,000, and Colwell bought 100 five-per cent. gold bonds of the Manhattan Electric Light, Heat & Power Company, paying 96 for them.

"These bonds," he wrote to her, "will surely advance in price, and when they touch a good figure I shall sell a part, and keep the balance for you as an investment. The operation is partly speculative, but I assure you the money is safe. You will have an opportunity to increase your original capital and your entire funds will then be invested in these same bonds—Manhattan Electric 5s—as many as the money will buy. I hope within six months to secure for you an income of twice as much as you have been receiving from the trust company."

The next morning she called at his office.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hunt, I trust you are well."

"Good morning, Mr. Colwell. I know I am an awful bother to you, but——"

"You are greatly mistaken, Mrs. Hunt."

"You are very kind. You see, I don't exactly understand about those bonds. I thought you could tell me. I'm so stupid," archly.

"I won't have you prevaricate about yourself, Mrs. Hunt. Now, you gave me $35,000, didn't you?"

"Yes." Her tone indicated that she granted that much and nothing more.

"Well, I opened an account for you with our firm. You were credited with the amount. I then gave an order to buy one hundred bonds of $1,000 each. We paid 96 for them."

"I don't follow you quite, Mr. Colwell. I told you"—another arch smile—"I was so stupid!"

"It means that for each $1,000-bond $960 was paid. It brought the total up to $96,000."

"But I only had $35,000 to begin with. You don't mean I've made that much, do you?"

"Not yet, Mrs. Hunt. You put in $35,000; that was your margin, you know; and we put in the other $61,000 and kept the bonds as security. We owe you $35,000, and you owe us $61,000, and——"

"But—I know you'll laugh at me, Mr. Colwell—but I really can't help thinking it's something like the poor people you read about, who mortgage their houses, and they go on, and the first thing you know some real-estate agent owns the house and you have nothing. I have a friend, Mrs. Stilwell, who lost hers that way," she finished, corroboratively.

"This is not a similar case, exactly. The reason why you use a margin is that you can do much more with the money that way than if you bought outright. It protects your broker against a depreciation in the security purchased, which is all he wants. In this case you owe us $61,000, but the bonds are in your name, and they are worth $96,000, so that if you want to pay us back, all you have to do is to order us to sell the bonds, return the money we have advanced, and keep the balance of your margin; that is, of your original sum."

"I don't understand why I should owe the firm. I shouldn't mind so much owing you, because I know *you'd* never take advantage of my ignorance of business matters. But I've never met Mr. Wilson nor Mr. Graves. I don't even know how they look."

"But you know me," said Mr. Colwell, with patient courtesy.

"Oh, it isn't that I'm afraid of being cheated, Mr. Colwell," she said, hastily and reassuringly; "but I don't wish to be under obligations to any one, particularly utter strangers; though, of course, if you say it is all right, I am satisfied."

"My dear Mrs. Hunt, don't worry about this matter. We bought these bonds at 96. If the price should advance to 110, as I think it will, then you can sell three-fifths for $66,000, pay us back $61,000, and keep $5,000 for emergencies in savings-banks drawing 4 per cent. interest, and have in addition 40 bonds which will pay you $2,000 a year."

"That would be lovely. And the bonds are now 96?"

"Yes; you will always find the price in the financial page of the newspapers, where it says BONDS. Look for *Man. Elec. 5s*," and he showed her.

"Oh, thanks, ever so much. Of course, I am a great bother, I know——"

"You are nothing of the kind, Mrs. Hunt. I'm only too glad to be of the slightest use to you."

"Good morning, Mr. Colwell."

"Good morning, Mrs. Hunt."

Mr. Colwell, busy with several important "deals," did not follow closely the fluctuations in the price of Manhattan Electric Light, Heat & Power Company 5s. The fact that there had been any change at all was made clear to him by Mrs. Hunt. She called a few days after her first visit, with perturbation written large on her face. Also, she wore the semi-resolute look of a person who expects to hear unacceptable excuses.

"Good morning, Mr. Colwell."

"How do you do, Mrs. Hunt? Well, I hope."

"Oh, I am well enough. I wish I could say as much for my financial matters." She had acquired the phrase from the financial reports which she had taken to reading religiously every day.

"Why, how is that?"

"They are 95 now," she said, a trifle accusingly.

"Who are *they*, pray, Mrs. Hunt?" in surprise.

"The bonds. I saw it in last night's paper."

Mr. Colwell smiled. Mrs. Hunt almost became indignant at his levity.

"Don't let that worry you, Mrs. Hunt. The bonds are all right. The market is a trifle dull; that's all."

"A friend," she said, very slowly, "who knows all about Wall Street, told me last

*"They forced the poor man to make strange admissions."*

night that it made a difference of $1,000 to me."

"So it does, in a way; that is, if you tried to sell your bonds. But as you are not going to do so until they show you a handsome profit, you need not worry. Don't be concerned about the matter, I beg of you. When the time comes for you to sell the bonds I'll let you know. Never mind if the price goes off a point or two. You are amply protected. Even if there should be a panic I'll see that you are not sold out, no matter how low the price goes. You are not to worry about it; in fact, you are not to think about it at all."

"Oh, thanks, ever so much, Mr. Colwell. I didn't sleep a wink last night. But I knew——"

A clerk came in with some stock-certificates and stopped short. He wanted Mr. Colwell's signature in a hurry, and at the same time dared not interrupt. Mrs. Hunt thereupon rose and said: "Well, I won't take up any more of your time. Good morning, Mr. Colwell. Thanks ever so much."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Hunt. Good morning. You are going to do very well with those bonds if you only have patience."

"Oh, I'll be patient now that I know all about it; yes, indeed. And I hope your prophecy will be fulfilled. Good morning, Mr. Colwell."

"Good morning."

Little by little the bonds continued to decline. The syndicate in charge was not ready to move them. But Mrs. Hunt's unnamed friend—her Cousin Emily's husband—who was employed in an up-town bank, did not know all the particulars of that "deal." He knew the Street in the abstract, and had accordingly implanted the seed of insomnia in her quaking soul. Then, as he saw values decline, he did his best to make the seed grow, fertilizing a naturally rich soil with ominous hints and head-shakings and with phrases that made her firmly believe he was gradually and considerately preparing her for the worst. On the third day of her agony Mrs. Hunt walked into Colwell's office. Her face was pale and she looked distressed. Mr. Colwell sighed involuntarily—a scarcely perceptible and not very impolite sigh—and said: "Good morning, Mrs. Hunt."

She nodded gravely and silently, gasped twice, and said, tremulously: "The bonds!"

"Yes? What about them?"

She gasped again, and said: "The p-p-papers!"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Hunt?"

She dropped into a chair nervelessly, as if exhausted. After a pause she said: "It's in all the papers. I thought the *Herald* might be mistaken, so I bought the *Tribune* and the *Times* and the *Sun*. But no. It was the same in all. It was," she added, tragically, "93!"

"Yes?" he said, smilingly.

The smile did not reassure her; it irritated her and aroused her suspicions. By him, of all men, should her insomnia be deemed no laughing matter.

"Doesn't that mean a loss of $3,000?" she asked. There was a deny-it-if-you-dare inflection in her voice of which she was not conscious. Her cousin's husband had been a careful gardener.

"No, because you are not going to sell your bonds at 93, but at 110, or thereabouts."

"But if I did want to sell the bonds now, wouldn't I lose $3,000?" she queried, challengingly. Then she hastened to answer herself: "Of course I would, Mr. Colwell. Even I can tell that."

"You certainly would, Mrs. Hunt; but——"

"I knew I was right," with irrepressible triumph.

"But you are not going to sell the bonds."

"Of course, I don't want to, because I can't afford to lose any money, much less $3,000. But I don't see how I can help losing it. I was warned from the first," she said, as if that made it worse. "I certainly had no business to risk my all." She had waived the right to blame some one else, and there was something consciously just and judicial about her attitude that was eloquent. Mr. Colwell was moved by it.

"You can have your money back, Mrs. Hunt, if you wish it," he told her, quite unprofessionally. "You seem to worry about it so much."

"Oh, I am not worrying, exactly; only, I do wish I hadn't bought—I mean, the money was so safe in the Trolleyman's Trust Company, that I can't help thinking I might just as well have let it stay where it was, even if it didn't bring me in so much. But, of course, if you want me to leave it here," she said, very slowly to give him every opportunity to contradict her, "of course, I'll do just as you say."

"My dear Mrs. Hunt," Colwell said, very politely, "my only desire is to please you and to help you. When you buy bonds you must be prepared to be patient. It may take months before you will be able to sell yours at a profit, and I don't know how low the price will go in the meantime. Nobody can tell you that, because nobody knows. But it need make no difference to you whether the bonds go to 90, or even to 85, which is unlikely."

"Why, how can you say so, Mr. Colwell? If the bonds go to 90, I'll lose $6,000—my friend said it was one thousand for every number down. And at 85 that would be"—counting on her fingers—"eleven numbers, that is, *eleven—thousand—dollars!*" And she gazed at him, awe-strickenly, reproachfully. "How *can* you say it would make no difference, Mr. Colwell?"

Mr. Colwell fiercely hated the unnamed "friend," who had told her so little and

yet so much. But he said to her, mildly: "I thought that I had explained all that to you. It might hurt a weak speculator if the bonds declined ten points, though such a decline is utterly improbable. But it won't affect you in the slightest, since, having an ample margin, you would not be forced to sell. You would simply hold on until the price rose again. Let me illustrate. Supposing your house cost $10,000, and——"

"Harry paid $32,000," she said, correctingly. On second thought she smiled, in order to let him see that she knew her interpolation was irrelevant. But he might as well know the actual cost.

"Very well," he said, good-humoredly, "we'll say $32,000, which was also the price of every other house in that block. And suppose that, owing to some accident, or for any reason whatever, nobody could be found to pay more than $25,000 for one of the houses, and three or four of your neighbors sold theirs at that price. But you wouldn't, because you knew that in the fall, when everybody came back to town, you would find plenty of people who'd give you $50,000 for your house; you wouldn't sell it for $25,000, and you wouldn't worry. Would you, now?" he finished, cheerfully.

"No," she said slowly, "I wouldn't worry. But," hesitatingly, for, after all, she felt the awkwardness of her position, "I wish I had the money instead of the bonds." And she added, self-defensively: "I haven't slept a wink for three nights thinking about this."

The thought of his coming emancipation cheered Mr. Colwell immensely. "Your wish shall be gratified, Mrs. Hunt. Why didn't you ask me before, if you felt that way?" he said, in mild reproach. And he summoned a clerk.

"Make out a check for $35,000 payable to Mrs. Rose Hunt, and transfer the 100 Manhattan Electric Light 5s to my personal account."

He gave her the check and told her: "Here is the money. I am very sorry that I unwittingly caused you some anxiety. But all's well that ends well. Any time that I can be of service to you—Not at all. Don't thank me, please; no. Good morning."

But he did not tell her that by taking over her account he paid $96,000 for bonds he could have bought in the open market for $93,000. He was the politest man in Wall Street; and, after all, he had known Hunt many years.

A week later Manhattan Electric 5-per cent. bonds sold at 96 again. Mrs. Hunt called on him. It was noon, and she evidently had spent the morning mustering up courage for the visit. They greeted one another, she embarrassed and he courteous and kindly as usual.

"Mr. Colwell, you still have those bonds, haven't you?"

"Why, yes."

"I—I think I'd like to take them back."

"Certainly, Mrs. Hunt. I'll find out how much they are selling for." He summoned a clerk to get a quotation on Manhattan Electric 5s. The clerk telephoned to one of their bond-specialists, and learned that the bonds could be bought at 96½. He reported to Mr. Colwell, and Mr. Colwell told Mrs. Hunt, adding: "So you see they are practically where they were when you bought them before."

She hesitated. "I—I—didn't you buy them from me at 93? I'd like to buy them back at the same price I sold them to you."

"No, Mrs. Hunt," he said; "I bought them from you at 96."

"But the price was 93." And she added, corroboratively: "Don't you remember it was in all the papers?"

"Yes, but I gave you back exactly the same amount that I received from you, and I had the bonds transferred to my account. They stand on our books as having cost me 96."

"But couldn't you let me have them at 93?" she persisted.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Hunt, but I don't see how I could. If you buy them in the open market now, you will be in exactly the same position as before you sold them, and you will make a great deal of money, because they are going up now. Let me buy them for you at 96½."

"At 93, you mean," with a tentative smile.

"At whatever price they may be selling for," he corrected, patiently.

"Why did you let me sell them, Mr. Colwell?" she asked, plaintively.

"But, my dear madam, if you buy them now, you will be no worse off than if you had kept the original lot."

"Well, I don't see why it is that I have to pay 96½ now for the very same bonds I sold last Tuesday at 93. If it was some other bonds," she added, "I wouldn't mind so much."

"My dear Mrs. Hunt, it makes no difference which bonds you hold. They have all

"'*We'll see,*' *was all she said.*"

risen in price, yours and mine and everybody's; your lot was the same as any other lot. You see that, don't you?"

"Ye-es; but——"

"Well, then, you are exactly where you were before you bought any. You've lost nothing, because you received your money back intact."

"I'm willing to buy them," she said resolutely, "at 93."

"Mrs. Hunt, I wish I could buy them for you at that price. But there are none for sale cheaper than 96½."

"Oh, why did I let you sell my bonds!" she said, disconsolately.

"Well, you worried so much because they had declined that——"

"Yes, but I didn't know anything about business matters. You know I didn't, Mr. Colwell," she finished, accusingly.

He smiled in his good-natured way. "Shall I buy the bonds for you?" he asked. He knew the plans of the syndicate in charge, and being sure the bonds would advance, he thought she might as well share in the profits. At heart he felt sorry for her.

She smiled back. "Yes," she told him, "at 93." It did not seem right to her, notwithstanding his explanations, that she should pay 96½ for them, when the price a few days ago was 93.

"But how can I, if they are 96½?"

"Mr. Colwell, it is 93 or nothing." She was almost pale at her own boldness. It really seemed to her as if the price had only been waiting for her to sell out in order to advance. And though she wanted the bonds, she did not feel like yielding.

"Then I very much fear it will have to be nothing."

"Er—good morning, Mr. Colwell," on the verge of tears.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hunt." And before he knew it, forgetting all that had gone before, he added: "Should you change your mind, I should be glad to——"

"I know I wouldn't pay more than 93 if I lived to be a thousand years." She looked expectantly at him, to see if he had repented, and she smiled—the smile that is a woman's last resort, that says, almost articulately: "I know you will, of course, do as I ask. My question is only a formality. I know your nobility, and I fear not." But he only bowed her out, very politely.

On the Stock-Exchange the price of *Man. Elec. L. H. & P. Co. 5s* rose steadily. Mrs. Hunt, too indignant to feel lachrymose, discussed the subject with her Cousin Emily and her husband. Emily was very much interested. Between her and Mrs. Hunt they forced the poor man to make strange admissions, and, deliberately ignoring his feeble protests, they worked themselves up to the point of believing that, while it would be merely generous of Mr. Colwell to let his friend's widow have the bonds at 93, it would be only his obvious duty to let her have them at 96½. The moment they reached this decision Mrs. Hunt knew how to act. And the more she thought the more indignant she became. The next morning she called on her late husband's executor and friend.

Her face wore the look often seen on those ardent souls who think their sacred and inalienable rights have been trampled upon by the tyrant Man, but who at the same time feel certain the hour of retribution is near.

"Good morning, Mr. Colwell. I came to find out exactly what you propose to do about my bonds." Her voice conveyed the impression that she expected violent opposition, perhaps even bad language, from him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hunt. Why, what do you mean?"

His affected ignorance deepened the lines on her face. Instead of bluster he was using *finesse!*

"I think *you* ought to know, Mr. Colwell," she said, meaningly.

"Well, I really don't. I remember you wouldn't heed my advice when I told you not to sell out, and again when I advised you to buy them back."

"Yes, at 96½," she burst out, indignantly.

"Well, if you had, you would to-day have a profit of over $7,000."

"And whose fault is it that I haven't?" She paused for a reply. Receiving none, she went on: "But never mind; I have decided to accept your offer," very bitterly, as if a poor widow could not afford to be a chooser; "I'll take those bonds at 96½." And she added, under her breath: "Although it really ought to be 93."

"But, Mrs. Hunt," said Colwell, in measureless astonishment, "you can't do that, you know. You wouldn't buy them when I wanted you to, and I can't buy them for you now at 96½. Really, you ought to see that."

Cousin Emily and she had gone over a dozen imaginary interviews with Mr. Colwell—of varying degrees of storminess—the night before, and they had, in an idle moment, and not because they really expected it, represented Mr. Colwell as taking that identical stand. Mrs. Hunt was, accordingly, prepared to show both that she knew her moral and technical rights, and that she was ready to resist any attempt to ignore them. So she said, in a voice so ferociously calm that it should have warned any guilty man: "Mr. Colwell, will you answer me one question?"

"A thousand, Mrs. Hunt, with pleasure."

"No; only one. Have you kept the bonds that I bought, or have you not?"

"What difference does that make, Mrs. Hunt?"

He evaded the answer!

"Yes or no, please. Have you, or have you not, those same identical bonds?"

"Yes; I have. But——"

"And to whom do those bonds belong, by rights?" She was still pale, but resolute.

"To me, certainly."

"To *you*, Mr. Colwell?" She smiled. And in her smile were a thousand feelings; but not mirth.

"Yes, Mrs. Hunt, to me."

"And do you propose to keep them?"

"I certainly do."

"Not even if I pay 96½ will you give them to me?"

"Mrs. Hunt," Colwell said with warmth, "when I took those bonds off your hands at 93 I took an actual loss of $3,000——"

She smiled in pity—pity for his judgment in thinking her so hopelessly stupid.

"And when you wanted me to sell them back to you at 93 after they had risen to 96½, if I had done as you wished, it would have meant an additional loss of $3,500 to me."

Again she smiled—the same smile, only the pity was now mingled with rising indignation.

"For Harry's sake I was willing to pocket the first loss, in order that you might not worry. But I didn't see why I should make you a present of $3,500," he said, very quietly.

"I never asked you to do it," she retorted, hotly.

"If you had lost any money through my fault, it would have been different. But you had your original capital unimpaired. You had nothing to lose, if you bought back the same bonds at practically the same price. Now you come and ask me to sell you the bonds at 96½ that are selling in the market for 104, which means that I should make you another present of $7,000 or $8,000—as a reward, I suppose, for your refusal to take my advice."

"Mr. Colwell, you take advantage of my position to insult me. And Harry trusted you so much! But let me tell you that I am not going to let you do just as you please. No doubt you would like to have me go home and forget how you've acted toward me. But I am going to consult a lawyer, and see if I am to be treated this way by a *friend* of my husband's. You've made a mistake, Mr. Colwell."

"Yes, madam, I certainly have. And, in order to avoid making any more, you will oblige me greatly by never again calling at this office. By all means consult a lawyer. Good morning, madam," said the politest man in Wall Street.

"We'll see," was all she said; and she left the room.

Colwell paced up and down his office nervously. It was seldom that he allowed himself to lose his temper, and he did not like it. The ticker whirred away excitedly, and in an absent-minded, half-disgusted way he glanced sideways at it.

"*Man. Elec. 5s, 106 1/8*," he read on the tape.

# AT THE PLAY.

By T. E. Brown.

As in a theater the amused sense
Beholds the strange vicissitudes of things,
Young Damon's loves, the fates of clowns and kings,
And all the motley of the gay pretense—
Beholds, and on an acme of suspense
Stands vibrant till the curtain falls, door swings,
Lights gutter, and the weary murmurings
Of o'er-watched varlets intimate us thence:
Even so we gaze not on the things that are,
Nor aught behold but what is adumbrate.
The show is specious, and we laugh and weep
At what is only meant spectacular;
And when the curtain falls we may not wait;
Death takes the lights, and we go home to sleep.

From "The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown," by courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

"HE SAT LONG-LEGGED ON THE LITTLE BEAST, WITH THE BIG SWORD AT HIS SIDE,—HAND DROPPED ON THE POMMEL,—STARING FIERCELY OVER THE FLAT LANDS. . . ."

From the bas-relief modeled by Lockwood Kipling.

# KIM.

By Rudyard Kipling.

EDITORIAL SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Kim is the orphan son of one Kimball O'Hara, once color-sergeant of an Irish regiment stationed in India. Kim is harbored by a half-caste woman, who has sewn his inheritance into a leather amulet-case and hung it about his neck. This property consists of three papers, O'Hara's "*ne varietur*," his clearance-certificate, and Kim's birth-certificate. The father, dying of opium, talked of how these documents would bring Kim the friendship of the regiment—the regiment whose flag is a red bull on a green field; but to the half-caste woman it seemed that he spoke of devils, whose god was a red bull, and who were to work magic for Kim, and it was thus that Kim came to conceive the matter.

So when he strikes up acquaintance with an old lama pilgriming in the footsteps of Buddha, and takes to him with boyish devotion, Kim, too, concludes to go wandering with the old man, reflecting that thus he stands the better chance of meeting the devils and the red bull.

Mahbub Ali is a horse-trader who, in the locked books of the Indian Secret Service, is registered as C.25; just now he has a report of magnitude to make regarding five native Kings, who are plotting against the Government. He has had dealings with Kim before, so he gives him a message to deliver, when, disguised as a Hindu boy, he and his lama shall reach Umballa. The message appears to concern only the pedigree of a white stallion. But when he delivers Mahbub Ali's word he manages to overhear enough to make him go forth and prophecy war. And the lama and others are moved to think his powers supernatural. A priest entertains the lama for a night.

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## CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

NEXT morning the priest was in a very bad temper, but the lama was quite happy; and Kim had enjoyed a most interesting evening with the old man, who brought out his cavalry sword and, balancing it on his dry knees, told tales of the Mutiny and young captains thirty years in their graves, till Kim dropped off to sleep.

"Certainly the air of this country is good," said the lama. "I sleep lightly, as do all old men; but last night I slept unwaking till broad day. Even now I am heavy."

"Drink a draught of hot milk," said Kim, who had carried not a few such remedies to opium-smokers of his acquaintance. "It is time to take the road again."

"The long road that overpasses all the rivers of Hind," said the lama gaily. "Let us go. But how thinkest thou, *chela*, to recompense these people, and especially the priest, for their great kindness? Truly they are *būt-parast*, but in other lives maybe they will receive enlightenment. A rupee to the temple? The thing within is no more than stone and red paint, but the heart of man we must acknowledge when and where it is good."

"Holy One, hast thou ever taken the road alone?" Kim looked up sharply, like the Indian crows so busy about the fields.

"Surely, child: from Kulu to Pathânkot—from Kulu, where my first *chela* died. When men were kind to us we made offerings, and all men were well-disposed throughout all the hills."

"It is otherwise in Hind," said Kim drily. "Their gods are many-armed and malignant. Let them alone."

"I would set thee on thy road for a little, Friend of all the World—thou and the yellow man." The old soldier ambled up the village street, all shadowy in the dawn, on a gaunt, scissor-hocked pony. "Last night broke up the fountains of remembrance in my so dried heart, and it was as a blessing to me. Truly there is war abroad in the air. I smell it. See! I have brought my sword."

He sat long-legged on the little beast, with the big sword at his side,—hand dropped on the pommel,—staring fiercely over the flat lands towards the north. "Tell me again how He showed in thy vision. Come up and sit behind me. The beast will carry two."

"I am this Holy One's disciple," said Kim, as they cleared the village-gate. The villagers seemed almost sorry to be rid of them, but the priest's farewell was cold and distant. He had wasted some opium on a man who carried no money.

"That is well spoken. I am not much used to holy men, but respect is always good. There is no respect in these days—not even when a Commissioner Sahib comes to see me. But why should one whose Star leads him to war follow a holy man?"

"But he *is* a holy man," said Kim earnestly. "In truth, and in talk and in act, holy. He is not like the others. I have never seen such an one. We be not fortune-tellers, or jugglers, or beggars."

"Thou art not, that I can see; but I do

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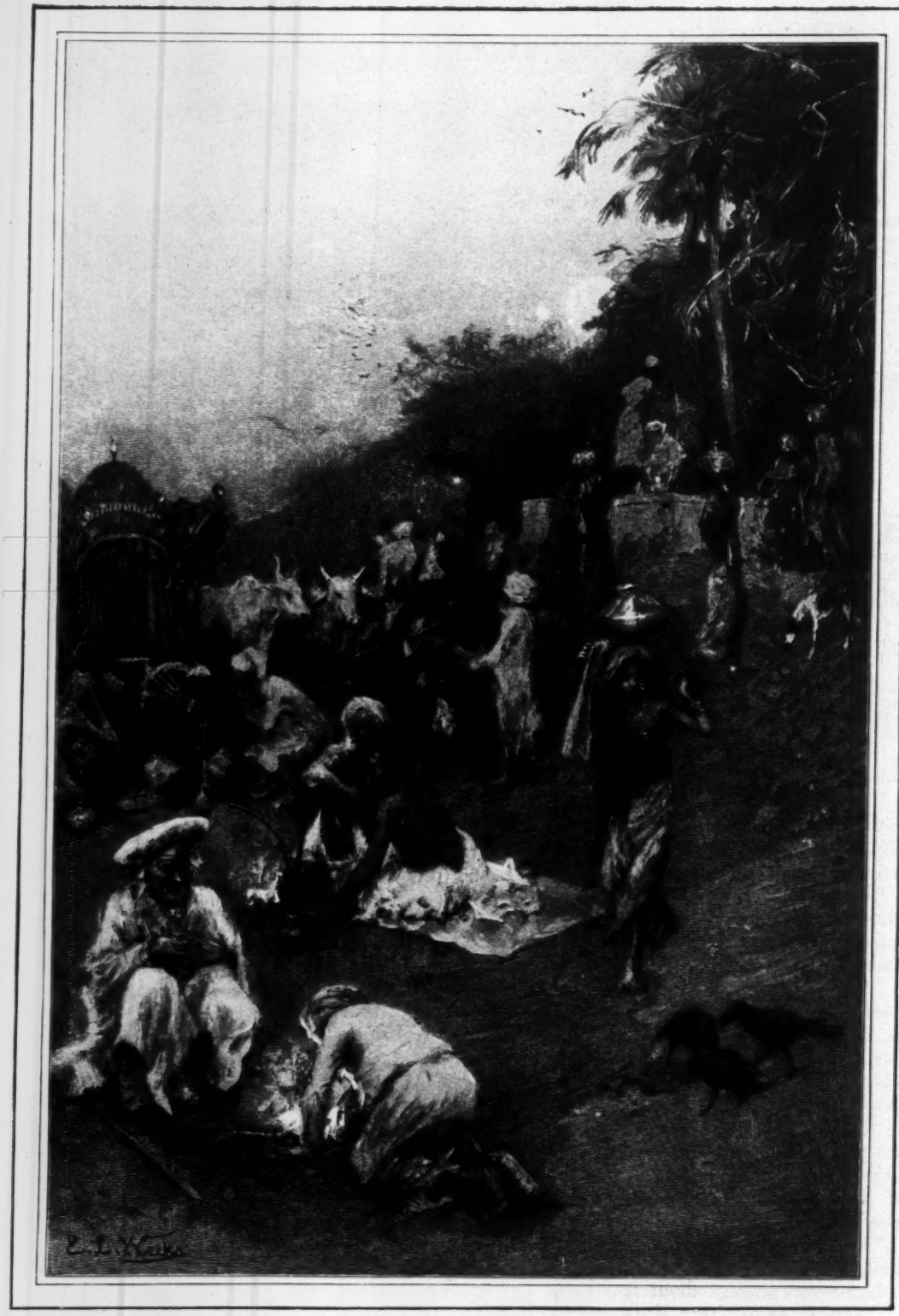

"THE LIFE OF THE *PARAO* WAS VERY LIKE THAT OF THE KASHMIR SERAI ON A SMALL SCALE."

not know that other. He walks well, though."

The first freshness of the day carried the lama forward with long, easy, camel-like strides. He was deep in meditation, mechanically clicking his rosary.

They followed the rutted and worn country road that wound across the flat between the great dark-green mango groves, the line of the snow-capped Himalayas faint to the eastward. All India was at work in the fields, to the creaking of well-wheels, the shouting of plowmen behind their cattle, and the clamor of the crows. Even the pony felt the good influence and almost broke into a trot as Kim laid a hand on the stirrup-leather.

"It repents me that I did not give a rupee to the shrine," said the lama at the last bead of his eighty-one.

The old soldier growled in his beard, so that the lama for the first time was aware of him.

"Seekest thou the River also?" said he, turning.

"The day is new," was the reply. "What need of a river save to water at before sundown? I come to show thee a short lane to the Big Road."

"That is a courtesy to be remembered, O man of good will; but why the sword?"

The old soldier looked as abashed as a child interrupted in his game of make-believe.

"The sword," he said, fumbling it. "Oh, that was a fancy of mine—an old man's fancy. Truly the police orders are that no man must bear weapons throughout Hind, but"—he cheered up and slapped the hilt—"all the constabeels hereabout know me."

"It is not a good fancy," said the lama. "What profit to kill men?"

"Very little—as I know; but if evil men were not now and then slain it would not be a good world for weaponless dreamers. I do not speak without knowledge who have seen the land from Delhi south awash with blood."

"What madness was that, then?"

"The Gods, who sent it for a plague, alone know. A madness ate into all the army, and they turned against their officers. That was the first evil, but not past remedy if they had then held their hands. But they chose to kill the Sahibs' wives and children. Then came the Sahibs from over the sea and called them to most strict account."

"Some such rumor, I believe, reached me once long ago. They called it the Black Year, as I remember."

"What manner of life hast thou led, not to know The Year? A rumor indeed! All earth knew, and trembled."

"Our earth never shook but once—upon the day that the Excellent One received Enlightenment."

"Umph! I saw Delhi shake at least; and Delhi is the navel of the world."

"So they turned against women and children? That was a bad deed, for which the punishment cannot be avoided."

"Many strove to do so, but with very small profit. I was then in a regiment of cavalry. It broke. Of six hundred and eighty sabers stood fast to their salt—how many think you? Three. Of whom I was one."

"The greater merit."

"Merit! We did not consider it merit in those days. My people, my friends, my brothers fell from me. They said: 'The time of the English is accomplished. Let each strike out a little holding for himself.' But I had talked with the men of Sobraon, of Chillianwallah, of Moodkee and Ferozeshah. I said: 'Abide a little and the wind turns. There is no blessing in this work.' In those days I rode seventy miles with an English mem-sahib and her babe on my saddle-bow. (Wow! That was a horse fit for a man!) I placed them in safety, and back came I to my officer—the one that was not killed of our five. 'Give me work,' said I, 'for I am an outcast among my own kin, and my cousin's blood is wet on my sabre.' 'Be content,' said he. 'There is great work forward. When this madness is over there is a recompense.'"

"Ay, there is a recompense when the madness is over, surely?" the lama muttered half to himself.

"They did not hang medals in those days on all who by accident had heard a gun fired. No! In nineteen pitched battles was I; in six and forty skirmishes of horse; and in small affairs without number. Nine wounds I bear; a medal and four clasps and the medal of an Order, for my captains, who are now generals, remembered me when the Kaiser-i-Hind had accomplished fifty years of her reign, and all the land rejoiced. They said: 'Give him the order of Berittish India.' I carry it upon my neck now. I have also my *jaghir* (holding) from the hands of the State—a free gift to me and mine. The men of the old days—they are now commissioners—come riding to me through the crops,—high upon horses so that all the vil-

lage sees,—and we talk out the old skirmishes, one dead man's name leading to another."

"And after?" said the lama.

"Oh, afterwards they go away, but not before the village has seen."

"And at the last what wilt thou do?"

"At the last I shall die."

"And after?"

"Let the Gods look to it. I have never pestered Them with prayers. I do not think They will pester me. Look you, I have noticed in my long life that those who eternally break in upon Those Above with complaints and reports and bellowings and weepings are presently sent for in haste, as our colonel used to send for slack-jawed down-country men who talked too much. No, I have never wearied the Gods. They will remember this, and give me a quiet place where I can drive my lance in the shade, and wait to welcome my sons: I have no less than three—ressaldar-majors all—in the regiments."

"And they likewise, bound upon the Wheel, go forth from life to life—from despair to despair," said the lama below his breath, "hot, uneasy, snatching."

"Ay," the old soldier chuckled. "Three ressaldar-majors in three regiments. Gamblers a little, but so am I. They must be well-mounted; and one cannot take the horses as in the old days one took women. Well, well, my holding can pay for all. How thinkest thou? It is a well-watered strip, but my men cheat me. I do not know how to ask save at the lance's point. Ugh! I grow angry and I curse them, and they feign penitence, but behind my back I know they call me a toothless old ape."

"Hast thou never desired any other thing?"

"Yes—yes—a thousand times. A straight back and a close-clinging knee once more; a quick wrist and a keen eye; and the marrow that makes a man. Oh, the old days—the good days of my strength!"

"That strength is weakness."

"It has turned so; but fifty years since I could have proved it otherwise," the old soldier retorted, driving his stirrup-edge into the pony's lean flank.

"But I know a River of great healing."

"I have drank Gunga-water to the edge of dropsy. All she gave me was a flux, and no sort of strength."

"It is not Gunga. The River that I know washes from all taint of sin. Ascending the far bank one is assured of Freedom. I do not know thy life, but thy face is the face of the honorable and courteous. Thou hast clung to thy Way, rendering fidelity when it was hard to give, in that Black Year of which I now remember other tales. Enter now upon the Middle Way, which is the path to Freedom. Hear the Most Excellent Law, and do not follow shades."

"Speak then, old man," the soldier smiled, half saluting. "We be all babblers at our age."

The lama squatted under the shade of a mango, whose shadow played checkerwise over his face; the soldier sat stiffly on the pony; and Kim, making sure that there were no snakes, lay down in the crotch of the twisted roots.

There was a drowsy buzz of small life in hot sunshine, a cooing of doves, and a sleepy drone of well-wheels across the fields. Slowly and impressively the lama began. At the end of ten minutes the old soldier slid from his pony, to hear better as he said, and sat with the reins round his wrist. The lama's voice faltered—the periods lengthened. Kim was busy watching a gray squirrel. When the little scolding bunch of fur close pressed to the branch disappeared, preacher and audience were fast asleep, the old officer's strong-cut head pillowed on his arm, the lama's thrown back against the tree bole, where it showed like yellow ivory. A naked child toddled up, stared, and, moved by some quick impulse of reverence, made a solemn little obeisance before the lama—only the child was so short and fat that it toppled over sideways, and Kim laughed at the sprawling, chubby legs. The child, scared and indignant, yelled aloud.

"Hai! Hai!" said the soldier, leaping to his feet. "What is it? What orders? . . . It is . . . a child! I dreamed it was an alarm. Little one—little one—do not cry. Have I slept? That was discourteous indeed!"

"I fear! I am afraid!" roared the child.

"What is to fear? Two old men and a boy? How wilt thou ever make a soldier, Princeling?"

The lama had waked too, but, taking no direct notice of the child, clicked his rosary.

"What is that?" said the child, stopping a yell midway. "I have never seen such things. Give them me."

"Aha," said the lama, smiling, and trailing a loop of it on the grass:

> "This is a handful of cardamoms,
> This is a lump of *ghi*:
> This is millet and chillies and rice,
> A supper for thee and me!"

The child shrieked with joy, and snatched at the dark, glancing beads.

"Oho!" said the old soldier. "Whence had thou that song, despiser of this world?"

"I learned it in Pathânkot—sitting on a doorstep," said the lama shyly. "It is good to be kind to babes."

"As I remember, before the sleep came on us, thou hadst told me that marriage and bearing were darkeners of the true light, stumbling-blocks upon the way. Do children drop from heaven in thy country? Is it the Way to sing them songs?"

"No man is all perfect," said the lama gravely, re-coiling the rosary. "Run now to thy mother, little one."

"Hear him!" said the soldier to Kim. "He is ashamed for that he has made a child happy. There was a very good householder lost in thee, my brother. Hai, child!" He threw it a pice. "Sweetmeats are always sweet." And as the little figure capered away into the sunshine: "They grow up and become men. Holy One, I grieve that I slept in the midst of thy preaching. Forgive me."

"We be two old men," said the lama. "The fault is mine. I listened to thy talk of the world and its madness, and one fault led to the next."

"Hear him! What harm do thy Gods suffer from play with a babe? And that song was very well sung. Let us go on and I will sing thee the song of Nikal Seyn before Delhi—the old song."

And they fared out from the gloom of the mango tope, the old man's high, shrill voice ringing across the field, as wail by long-drawn wail he unfolded the story of Nikal Seyn (Nicholson)—the song that men sing in the Punjab to this day. Kim was delighted, and the lama listened with deep interest.

"*Ahi! Nikal Seyn is dead—he died before Delhi! Lances of North take vengeance for Nikal Seyn.*" He quavered it out to the end, marking the trills with the flat of his sword on the pony's rump.

"And now we come to the Big Road," said he, after receiving the compliments of Kim; for the lama was offendedly silent. "It is long since I have ridden this way, but thy boy's talk stirred me. See, Holy One—the Great Road which is the backbone of all Hind. For the most part it is shaded, as here, with four lines of trees; the middle road—all hard—takes the quick traffic. In the days before rail-carriages the Sahibs traveled up and down here in hundreds. Now there are only country carts and such like. Left and right is the rougher road for the heavy carts—grain and cotton and timber, bhoosa, lime, and hides. A man goes in safety here—for at every few *kos* is a police-station. The police are thieves and extortioners (I myself would patrol it with cavalry—young recruits under a strong captain), but at least they do not suffer any rivals. All castes and kinds of men move here. Look! Brahmins and chumars, bankers and tinkers, barbers and bunnias, pilgrims and potters—all the world going and coming. It is to me as a river from which I am withdrawn like a log after a flood."

And truly the Grand Trunk Road is a wonderful spectacle. It runs straight, bearing without crowding India's traffic for fifteen hundred miles—such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world. They looked at the green-arched, shade-flecked length of it, the white breadth speckled with slow-pacing folk; and the two-roomed police-station opposite.

"Who bears arms against the law?" a constable called out laughingly, as he caught sight of the soldier's sword. "Are not the police enough to destroy evil-doers?"

"It was because of the police I bought it," was the answer. "Does all go well in Hind?"

"Ressaldar Sahib, all goes well."

"I am like an old tortoise, look you, who puts his head out from the bank and draws it in again. Ay, this is the road of Hindustan. All men come by this way . . ."

"Son of a swine, is the soft part of the road meant for thee to scratch thy back upon? Father of all the daughters of shame and husband of ten thousand virtueless ones, thy mother was devoted to a devil, being led thereto by her mother; thy aunts have never had a nose for seven generations! Thy sister!—What owl's folly told thee to draw thy carts across the road? A broken wheel? Then take a broken head and put the two together at leisure!"

The voice and a venomous whip-cracking came out of a pillar of dust fifty yards away, where a cart had broken down. A thin, high Kattiwar mare, with eyes and nostrils aflame, rocketed out of the jam, snorting and wincing as her rider bent her across the road in chase of a shouting man. He was tall and gray-bearded, sitting the almost mad beast as a piece of her, and scientifically lashing his victim between plunges.

The old man's face lit with pride. "My child!" said he briefly, and strove to rein the pony's neck to a fitting arch.

"Am I to be beaten before the police?" cried the carter. "Justice! I will have Justice ——"

"Am I to be blocked by a shouting ape

who upsets ten thousand sacks under a young horse's nose? That is the way to ruin a mare."

"He speaks truth. He speaks truth. But she follows her man close," said the old man. The carter ran under the wheels of his cart and thence threatened all sorts of vengeance.

"They are strong men, thy sons," said the policeman serenely, picking his teeth.

The horseman delivered one last vicious cut with his whip and came on at a canter.

"My father!" He reined back ten yards and dismounted.

The old man was off his pony in an instant, and they embraced as do father and son in the East.

## CHAPTER IV.

Good Luck, she is never a lady,
But the cursedest quean alive.
Tricksy, wincing, and jady—
Kittle to lead or drive.
Greet her—she's hailing a stranger!
Meet her—she's busking to leave!
Let her alone for a shrew to the bone
And the hussy comes plucking your sleeve!
Largesse! Largesse, O Fortune!
Give or hold at your will.
If I've no care for Fortune,
Fortune must follow me still!

*The Wishing Caps.*

THEN, lowering their voices, they spoke together. Kim came to rest under a tree, but the lama tugged impatiently at his elbow.

"Let us go on. The River is not here."

"Hai mai! Have we not walked enough for a little? Our River will not run away. Patience, and he will give us a dole."

"That," said the old soldier suddenly, "is the Friend of the Stars. He brought me the news yesterday. Having seen the very man himself, in a vision, giving orders for the war."

"Hm!" said his son, all deep in his broad chest. "He came by a bazaar rumor and made profit of it."

His father laughed. "At least he did not come to me begging for a new charger and the gods know how many rupees. Are thy brothers' regiments also under orders?"

"I do not know. I took leave and came swiftly to thee in case——"

"In case they ran before thee to beg. O gamblers and spendthrifts all! But thou hast never yet ridden in a charge. A good horse is needed there, truly. A good follower and a good pony also for the marching. Let us see—let us see." He thrummed on the pommel.

"This is no place to cast accounts in, my father. Let us go to thy house."

"At least pay the boy then: I have no pice with me, and he brought auspicious news. Ho! Friend of all the World, a war is toward as thou hast said."

"Nay, as I know, *the* war," returned Kim composedly.

"Eh?" said the lama, fingering his beads, all eager for the road.

"My master does not trouble the Stars for hire. We brought the news—bear witness, we brought the news, and now we go." Kim half-crooked his hand at his side.

The son tossed a silver coin through the sunlight, grumbling something about beggars and jugglers. It was a four-anna piece, and would feed them well for some days. The lama, seeing the flash of the metal, droned a blessing.

"Go thy way, Friend of all the World," piped the old soldier, wheeling his scrawny mount. "For once in all my days I have met a true prophet—who was not in the Army."

Father and son swung round together: the old man sitting as erect as the younger.

A Punjabi constable in yellow linen trousers slouched across the road. He had seen the money pass.

"Halt!" he cried in impressive English. "Know ye not that there is a *takkus* of two annas a head, which is four annas, on those who enter the road from this side-road. It is the order of the Sirkar, and the money is spent for the planting of trees and the beautification of the ways."

"And the bellies of the police," said Kim, skipping out of arm's reach. "Consider for a while, man with a mud head. Think you we came from the nearest pond like the frog, thy father-in-law. Hast thou ever heard the name of thy brother?"

"And who was he? Leave the boy alone," cried a senior constable, immensely delighted, as he squatted down to smoke his pipe in the veranda.

"He took a label from a bottle of *belaitee-pani* (soda-water), and, affixing it to a bridge, collected taxes for a month from those who passed, saying that it was the Sirkar's order. Then came an Englishman and broke his head. Ah, brother, I am a town crow, not a village crow!"

The policeman drew back abashed, and Kim hooted at him all down the road.

"Was there ever such a disciple as I?" he cried merrily to the lama. "All earth would have picked thy bones within ten

miles of Lahore city if I had not guarded thee."

"I consider in my own mind whether thou art a spirit, sometimes, or sometimes an evil imp," said the lama, smiling slowly.

"I am thy *chela*." Kim dropped into step at his side—that indescribable gait of the long-distance tramp all the world over.

"Now let us walk," muttered the lama, and to the click of his rosary they walked in silence mile upon mile. The lama, as usual, was deep in meditation, but Kim's bright eyes were open wide. This broad, smiling river of life, he considered, was a vast improvement on the cramped and crowded Lahore streets. There were new people and new sights at every stride—castes he knew and castes that were altogether out of his experience.

They met a troop of long-haired, strong-scented Sansis with baskets of lizards and other unclean food on their backs, the lean dogs sniffing at their heels. These people kept their own side of the road, moving at a quick, furtive jog-trot, and all other castes gave them ample room; for the Sansi is deep pollution. Behind them, walking wide and stiffly across the strong shadows, the memory of his leg-irons still on him, strode one newly released from the jail; his full stomach and shiny skin to prove that the Government fed its prisoners better than most honest men could feed themselves. Kim knew that walk well, and made broad jest of it as they passed. Then an Akali, a wild-eyed, wild-haired Sikh devotee in the blue-checked clothes of his faith, with polished-steel quoits glistening on the cone of his tall blue turban, stalked past, returning from a visit to one of the independent Sikh States, where he had been singing the ancient glories of the Khalsa to College-trained princelings in top-boots and white-cord breeches. Kim was careful not to irritate that man; for the Akali's temper is short and his arm quick. Here and there they met or were overtaken by the gaily dressed crowds of whole villages turning out to some local fair; the women, with their babes on their hips, walking behind the men, the older boys prancing on sticks of sugar-cane, dragging rude brass models of locomotives such as they sell for a halfpenny, or flashing the sun into the eyes of their betters from cheap toy mirrors. One could see at a glance what each had bought; and if there were any doubt it needed only to watch the wives comparing, brown arm against brown arm, the newly purchased dull glass bracelets that come from the North-West. These merry-makers stepped slowly, calling one to the other and stopping to haggle with sweetmeat-sellers, or to make a prayer before one of the way-side shrines—sometimes Hindu, sometimes Mussulman—which the low caste of both creeds share with beautiful impartiality. A solid line of blue, rising and falling like the back of a caterpillar in haste, would swing up through the quivering dust and trot past to a chorus of quick cackling. That was a gang of *changars*—the women who have taken all the embankments of all the Northern railways under their charge—a flat-footed, big-bosomed, strong-limbed, blue-petticoated crowd of earth-carriers, hurrying north on news of a job, and wasting no time by the road. They belong to the caste whose men do not count, and they walked with squared elbows, swinging hips, and heads on high, as suits women who carry heavy weights. A little later a marriage procession would strike into the Grand Trunk with music and shoutings, and a smell of marigold and jasmine stronger even than the reek of the dust. One could see the bride's litter, a blur of red and tinsel, staggering through the haze, while the bridegroom's bewreathed pony turned aside to snatch a mouthful from a passing fodder-cart. Then Kim would join the Kentish-fire of good wishes and bad jokes, wishing the couple a hundred sons and no daughters, as the saying is. Still more interesting and more to be shouted over it was when a strolling juggler with some half-trained monkeys, or a panting, feeble bear, or a woman who tied goats' horns to her feet, and with these danced on a slack-rope, set the horses to shying and the women to shrill, long-drawn quavers of amazement.

The lama never raised his eyes. He did not note the money-lender on his goose-rumped pony, hastening along to collect the cruel interest; or the long-shouting, deep-voiced little mob—still in military formation—of native soldiers on leave, rejoicing to be rid of their breeches and puttees, and saying the most outrageous things to the most respectable women in sight. Even the seller of Ganges water he did not see, and Kim expected that he would at least buy a bottle of that precious stuff. He looked steadily at the ground, and strode as steadily hour after hour, seeing and hearing nothing. But Kim was in the seventh heaven of joy. The Grand Trunk at this point was built on an embankment to guard against winter floods from the foothills, so that one walked, as it

were, a little above the country, along a stately corridor, seeing all India spread out to left and right. It was beautiful to behold the many-yoked grain and cotton wagons crawling over the country roads: one could hear their axles complaining a mile away, coming nearer, till with shouts and yells and bad words they climbed up the steep incline and plunged on to the hard main road, carter reviling carter. It was equally beautiful to watch the people, little clumps of red and blue and pink and white and saffron, turning aside to go to their own villages, dispersing and growing small by twos and threes across the level plain. Kim felt these things, though he could not give tongue to his feelings, and so contented himself with buying peeled sugar-cane and spitting the pith generously about his path. From time to time the lama took snuff, and at last Kim could endure the silence no longer.

"This is a good land—the land of the South!" said he. "The air is good; the water is good. Eh?"

"And they are all bound upon the Wheel," said the lama. "Bound from life after life. To none of these has the Way been shown." He shook himself back to this world.

"And now we have walked a weary way," said Kim. "Surely we shall soon come to a *parao* (a resting-place). Shall we stay there? Look, the sun is sloping."

"Who will receive us this evening?"

"That is all one. This country is full of good folk. Besides,"—he sunk his voice beneath a whisper,—"we have money."

The crowd thickened as they neared the resting-place which marked the end of their day's journey. A line of stalls selling very simple food and tobacco, a stack of firewood, a police-station, a well, a horse-trough, a few trees, and, under them, some trampled ground dotted with the black ashes of old fires, are all that mark a *parao* on the Grand Trunk—if you except the beggars and the crows, both hungry.

By this time the sun was driving broad golden spokes through the lower branches of the mango trees; the parakeets and doves were coming home in their hundreds; the chattering, gray-backed Seven Sisters, talking over the day's adventures, walked back and forth in twos and threes almost under the feet of the travelers; and shufflings and scufflings in the branches showed that the bats were ready to go out on the night-picket. Swiftly the light gathered itself together, painted for an instant the faces and the cart-wheels and the bullocks' horns as red as blood. Then the night fell, changing the touch of the air, drawing a low, even haze, like a gossamer veil of blue, across the face of the country, and bringing out, keen and distinct, the smell of wood-smoke and cattle and the good scent of wheaten cakes cooked on ashes. The evening patrol hurried out of the police-station with important coughings and reiterated orders, and a live charcoal ball in the cup of a wayside carter's hookah glowed red while Kim's eye mechanically watched the last flicker of the sun on the brass tweezers.

The life of the *parao* was very like that of the Kashmir Serai on a small scale. Kim dived into the happy Asiatic disorder which, if you only allow time, will bring you everything that a simple man needs.

His wants were few, because, since the lama had no caste scruples, cooked food from the nearest stall would serve; but, for luxury's sake, Kim bought a handful of dung-cakes to build a fire. All about, coming and going round the little flames, men cried for oil, or grain, or sweetmeats, or tobacco, jostling one another while they waited their turn at the well; and under the men's voices you heard from halted, shuttered carts the high squeals and giggles of women whose faces should not be seen in public.

Nowadays, well-educated natives are of opinion that when their womenfolk travel—and they visit a good deal—it is better to take them quickly by rail in a properly screened compartment; and that custom is spreading. But there are always those of the old rock who hold by the use of their forefathers; and, above all, there are always the old women,—more conservative than the men,—who toward the end of their days go a pilgrimage. They, being withered and undesirable, do not, under certain circumstances, object to unveiling. After their long seclusion, during which they have always been in business touch with a thousand outside interests, they love the bustle and stir of the open road, the gatherings at the shrines, and the infinite possibilities of gossip with like-minded dowagers. Very often it suits a long-suffering family that a strong-tongued, iron-willed old lady should disport herself about India in this fashion; for certainly pilgrimage is grateful to the Gods. So all about India, in the most remote places, as in the most public, you find some knot of grizzled servitors in nominal charge of an old lady who is more or less curtained and hid away in a bullock-cart. These men

are staid and discreet, and when a European or a high-caste native is near will net their charge with most elaborate precautions; but in the ordinary haphazard chances of pilgrimage the precautions are not taken. The old lady is, after all, intensely human, and loves to look upon life.

Kim marked down a gaily ornamented *ruth* or family bullock-cart, with a broidered canopy of two domes, like a double-humped camel, which had just been drawn into the *parao*. Eight men made its retinue, and two of the eight were armed with rusty sabers—sure signs that they followed a person of distinction, for the common folk do not bear arms. An increasing cackle of complaints, orders, and jests, and what to a European would have been bad language, came from behind the curtains. Here was evidently a woman used to command.

Kim looked over the retinue critically. Half of them were thin-legged, gray-bearded Ooryas from down country. The other half were duffle-clad, felt-hatted hillmen of the North; and that mixture told its own tale, even if he had not overheard the incessant sparring between the two divisions. The old lady was going south on a visit—probably to a rich relative, most probably to a son-in-law, who had sent up an escort as a mark of respect. The hillmen would be of her own people—Kulu or Kangra bred. It was quite clear that she was not taking her daughter down to be wedded, or the curtains would have been laced home and the guard would have allowed no one near the car. A merry and a high-spirited dame, thought Kim, balancing the dung-cake in one hand, the cooked food in the other, and piloting the lama with a nudging shoulder. Something might be made out of the meeting. The lama would give him no help, and, as a conscientious *chela*, Kim was delighted to beg for two.

He built his fire as close to the cart as he dared, waiting for some one of the escort to order him away. The lama dropped wearily to the ground, much as a heavy fruit-eating bat cowers, and returned to his rosary.

"Stand farther off, beggar!" The order was shouted in broken Hindustanee by one of the hillmen.

"Huh! It is only a *pahari*" (a hillman), said Kim over his shoulder. "Since when have the hill-asses owned all Hindustan?"

The retort was a swift and brilliant sketch of Kim's pedigree for three generations.

"Ah!" Kim's voice was sweeter than ever, as he broke the dung-cake into fit pieces. "In *my* country we call that the beginning of love-talk."

A harsh, thin cackle behind the curtains put the hillman on his mettle for a second shot.

"Not so bad—not so bad," said Kim critically. "But have a care, my brother, lest we—*we*, I say—be minded to give a curse or so in return. And our curses have the knack of biting home."

The Ooryas laughed; the hillman sprang forward threateningly; the lama suddenly raised his head, bringing his huge tam-o'-shanter cap into the full light of Kim's new-started fire.

"What is it?" said he.

The man halted as though turned to stone. "I—I—am saved from a great sin," he stammered.

"The foreigner has found him a priest at last," said one of the Ooryas in an undertone.

"Hai! Why is that beggar-brat not well beaten?" the old woman cried.

The hillman drew back to the cart and whispered something to the curtain. There was dead silence, then a muttering.

"This goes well," thought Kim, pretending neither to see nor hear.

"When—when—he has eaten"—the hillman fawned on Kim—"it—it is requested that the Holy One will do the honor to talk to one who would speak to him."

"After he has eaten he will sleep," Kim returned loftily. He could not quite see what new turn the game had taken, but stood resolute to profit by it. "Now, I will get him his food." The last sentence, spoken loudly, ended with a sigh as of faintness.

"I—I myself and the others of my people will look to that—if it is permitted."

"It is permitted," said Kim, more loftily than ever. "Holy One, these people will bring us food."

"The land is good. All the country of the South is good—a great and a terrible world," mumbled the lama drowsily.

"Let him sleep," said Kim, "but look to it that we are well fed when he wakes. He is a very holy man."

Again one of the Ooryas said something contemptuously.

"He is not a *faquir*. He is not a down-country beggar," Kim went on severely, addressing the stars. "He is the most holy of holy men. He is above all castes. I am his *chela*."

"Come here!" said the old thin voice behind the curtain; and Kim came, conscious that eyes he could not see were staring at him. One skinny brown finger heavy with rings lay on the edge of the cart, and the talk went this way.

"Who is that one?"

"An exceeding holy one. He comes from far off. He comes from Tibet."

"Where in Tibet?"

"From behind the snows—from a very far place. He knows the stars; he makes horoscopes; he reads nativities. But he does not do this for money. He does it for kindness and great charity. I am his disciple. I am called also the Friend of the Stars."

"Thou art no hillman."

"Ask him. He will tell thee I was sent to him from the stars to show him an end to his pilgrimage."

"Humph! Consider, brat, that I am an old woman and not altogether a fool. Lamas I know, and to these I give reverence, but thou art no more a lawful *chela* than this my finger is the pole of this wagon. Thou art a casteless Hindu—a bold and unblushing beggar, attached, belike, to the Holy One for the sake of gain."

"Do we not all work for gain?" Kim changed his tone promptly to match that altered voice. "I have heard"—this was a bow drawn at a venture—"I have heard——"

"What hast thou heard?" she snapped, rapping with the finger.

"Nothing that I well remember, but some talk in the bazaars, which is doubtless a lie, that even Rajahs—small hill Rajahs——"

"But none the less of good Rajput blood."

"Assuredly of good blood. That these even sell the more comely of their womenfolk for gain. Down south they sell them—to zemindars and such-all of Oudh."

If there be one thing in the world that the small hill Rajahs deny, it is just this charge; but it happens to be one thing that the bazaars believe, when they discuss the mysterious slave-traffic of India. The old lady explained to Kim, in a tense, indignant whisper, precisely what manner and fashion of malignant liar he was. Had Kim hinted this when she was a girl, he would have been pommeled to death that same evening by an elephant. This was perfectly true.

"Ahai! I am only a beggar's brat, as the Eye of Beauty has said," he wailed in extravagant terror.

"Eye of Beauty, forsooth! Who am I that thou shouldst fling beggar-endearments at me?" But still she laughed at the long-forgotten word. "Forty years ago that might have been said, and not without truth. Ay, thirty years ago. But it is the fault of this gadding up and down Hind that a king's widow must jostle all the scum of the land, and be made a mock by beggars."

"Great Queen," said Kim promptly, for he heard her shaking with indignation, "I am even what the Great Queen says I am; but none the less is my master holy. He has not yet heard the Great Queen's order that——"

"Order? I order a Holy One—a teacher of the Law—to come and speak to a woman? Never!"

"Pity my stupidity. I thought it was given as an order——"

"It was not. It was as a request. Does this make it clear?"

A silver coin clicked on the edge of the cart. Kim took it and salaamed profoundly. The old lady recognized that, as the eyes and the ears of the lama, he was to be propitiated.

"I am but the Holy One's disciple. When he has eaten perhaps he will come."

"Oh, villain and shameless rogue!" The jeweled forefinger shook itself at him reprovingly; but he could hear the old lady's chuckle.

"Nay, what is it?" he said, dropping into his most caressing and confidential tone—the one, he well knew, that few could resist. "Is—is there any need of a son in thy family? Speak freely, for we priests——" That last was a direct plagiarism from a *faquir* by the Taksali Gate.

"We priests! Thou art not yet old enough to —" She checked the joke with another laugh. "Believe me, now and again, we women, O priest, think of other matters than sons. Moreover, my daughter has borne her man-child."

"Two arrows in the quiver are better than one; and three are better still." Kim quoted the proverb with a meditative cough, looking discreetly earthward.

"True—oh, true. But perhaps that will come. Certainly those down-country Brahmins are utterly useless. I sent gifts and monies and gifts again to them, and they prophesied."

"Ah," drawled Kim, with infinite contempt, "they prophesied!" A professional could have done no better.

"And it was not till I remembered my own Gods that my prayers were heard. I chose an auspicious hour, and—perhaps thy

Holy One has heard of the Abbot of the Lung-Cho lamasery. It was to him I put the matter, and behold in the due time all came about as I desired. The Brahmin in the house of the father of my daughter's son has since said that it was through *his* prayers—which is a little error that I will explain to him when we reach our journey's end. And so afterwards I go to Buddh Gaya, to make *shraddha* for the father of my children."

"Thither go we."

"Doubly auspicious," chirruped the old lady. "A second son at least!"

"O Friend of all the World!" The lama had waked, and, simply as a child bewildered in a strange bed, called for Kim.

"I come! I come, Holy One!" He dashed to the fire, where he found the lama already surrounded by dishes of food, the hillmen visibly adoring him and the Southerners looking sourly.

"Go back! Withdraw!" Kim cried. "Do we eat publicly like dogs?" They finished the meal in silence, each turned a little from the other, and Kim topped it with a native-made cigarette.

"Have I not said a hundred times that the South is a good land? Here is a virtuous and high-born widow of a Hill Rajah on pilgrimage, she says, to Buddh Gaya. She it is sends us those dishes; and when thou art well rested she would speak to thee."

"Is this also thy work?" The lama dipped deep into his snuff-gourd.

"Who else watched over thee since our wonderful journey began?" Kim's eyes danced in his head as he blew the rank smoke through his nostrils and stretched him on the dusty ground. "Have I failed to oversee all thy comforts, Holy One?"

"A blessing on thee." The lama inclined his solemn head. "I have known many men in my so long life, and disciples not a few. But to none among men, if so be thou art woman-born, has my heart gone out as it has to thee—thoughtful, wise, and courteous, but something of a small imp."

"And I have never seen such a priest as thou." Kim considered the benevolent yellow face wrinkle by wrinkle. "It is less than three days since we took road together, and it is as though it were a hundred years."

"Perhaps in a former life it was permitted that I should have rendered thee some service. May be"—he smiled—"I freed thee from a trap; or, having caught thee on a hook in the days when I was not enlightened, cast thee back into the river."

"May be," said Kim quietly. He had heard this sort of speculation again and again, from the mouths of many whom the English would not consider imaginative. "Now, as regards that woman in the bullock-cart, *I* think she needs a second son for her daughter."

"That is no part of the Way," sighed the lama. "But at least she is from the Hills. Ah, the Hills, and the snow of the Hills!"

He rose and stalked to the cart. Kim would have given his ears to come too, but the lama did not invite him; and the few words he caught were in an unknown tongue, for they spoke some *lingua franca* of the mountains. The woman seemed to ask questions which the lama turned over in his mind before answering. Now and again he heard the sing-song cadence of a Chinese quotation. It was a strange picture that Kim watched between drooped eyelids. The lama, very straight and erect, the deep folds of his yellow clothing slashed with black in the light of the *parao* fires precisely as a knotted tree-trunk is slashed with the shadow of the long sun, addressed a tinsel and lacquered *ruth* which burned like a many-colored jewel in the same uncertain light. The patterns on the gold-worked curtains ran up and down, melting and reforming as the folds shook and quivered to the night wind; and when the talk grew more earnest the jeweled forefinger snapped with little sparks of light between the embroideries. Behind the cart was a wall of uncertain darkness speckled with little flames and alive with half-caught forms and faces and shadows. The voices of early evening had settled down to one soothing hum whose deepest note was the steady chumping of the bullocks above their chopped straw, and whose highest was the tinkle of a Bengali dancing-girl's *sitar*. Most men had eaten and pulled deep at their gurgling, grunting hookahs, which in full blast sound like bull-frogs.

*(To be continued.)*

# UNSOLVED PROBLEMS OF CHEMISTRY.

By Ira Remsen, LL.D.,
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THE first duty of the chemist is to examine every kind of matter accessible to him and to determine whether it is an element or not. If it is not, and this is usually the case as regards the things found in nature, his next duty is to attack the compound in every way that is likely to lead to its decomposition, and when he reaches a substance from which he cannot get simpler ones, he calls this an element. Thus iron, copper, gold, silver, tin, hydrogen, and oxygen are elements. None of these can be decomposed by the means at present at the command of the chemist. They are like the letters of a language in some respects. Words can be decomposed or resolved into letters, but letters are the elements of language. What elements are in the earth, in the air, in water? An immense amount of work has been done that has had for its object the answering of this question. The earth has been ransacked almost from pole to pole. The air from all sorts of localities has been examined. The waters, from ocean, rivers, and springs, have been made to stand and answer the searching questions of the chemist; and animals and plants have been compelled to give up their secrets—or some of them.

What is the result? In brief, it is this: Although we find an infinite number of kinds of matter, all of these can be resolved into a comparatively small number of elements. Indeed, not more than a dozen of these elements enter into the composition of the things that are at all common. But by going into out-of-the-way corners rare things have been found, and from these, in turn, rare elements have been obtained. Altogether, between seventy and eighty elements have been found. Additions are made to the list from time to time; and, occasionally, one of the substances supposed to be an element is found to be capable of decomposition, and it therefore becomes necessary to strike it from the list of elements.

Out of these simplest forms of matter everything that we see or feel, or are in any way cognizant of, is made up. But now arises the deep question: *What is an element?* To this question chemists are not able to give an answer. The relations of the elements to one another form one of the unsolved problems of chemistry. It may be that they are not related at all, but that each one is an independent form of matter. There are, however, indications of family relationships between them that have long been the subject of investigation. The elements fall into groups, the members of which resemble one another very closely in some respects. Thus, for example, phosphorus and arsenic conduct themselves, in general, alike toward other elements. They combine with them to form compounds that are very much alike—so much so that in some cases it is difficult to tell them apart. These elements are said to belong to the same family. The family traits are easily recognized in them. Similar relationships are met with throughout the entire list of elements. This subject has been beautifully worked out by the Russian chemist Mendeléef and the German, Lothar Meyer. The former, indeed, pointed out, thirty years ago, that some of the families are not complete. There were a number of vacant chairs. He was able to predict the discovery of some of these missing members and to describe them in detail. Three of these have since been discovered, and they have been found to answer the description given by Mendeléef before their discovery. Now that the way has been pointed out, it is a comparatively simple thing to predict the discovery of other elements. The vacant chairs are there, but though the elements that are eventually to occupy them are probably hidden away somewhere in the earth, they have thus far eluded the chemist.

As regards the character of the relationships that exist between the elements, it is difficult, or, rather, quite impossible, to speak with confidence. Apparently, the elements are brothers and sisters. We want to find the fathers and mothers. But it appears that they are no longer living. The plain

question that we cannot help asking is: Have the elements existed from the beginning of time, or have they been formed from a smaller number of simpler forms of matter? Of course, one can speculate on such a subject, but can one speculate profitably? It may as well be acknowledged at once that we know practically nothing in regard to the origin of the elements, or of the cause of the relationships that are so easily recognized.

It has been suggested that the elements are the products of an evolutionary process that has been in progress from the beginning, and that they all owe their existence to a primordial form of matter, simpler than any one of the so-called elements. Some evidence in favor of this view seems to be furnished by the spectroscopic examination of celestial bodies. The nebulæ have been shown to contain the smallest number of our chemical elements; the hotter stars are somewhat more complex; in the colored stars and the sun a large number of elements appear; while the planets are the most complex. The complexity seems to depend upon the temperature. The higher the temperature, the smaller the number of kinds of matter present. Now, may it not be that the elements known to us are derived from simpler forms, or from one single simplest form? We can only answer—it may. If this is the true conception of the relations between the elements, then "in the beginning" space must have been filled with an incandescent vapor made up of the simplest form of matter. As this has cooled, it has taken other forms, and some of these are the things we now call elements. But this shows how easy it is to relapse into the ways of our forefathers and let our imaginations run wild.

## ELEMENTS OF PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

ANOTHER unsolved problem of chemistry is that presented by the fundamental constituents of plants and animals. No one knows better than the chemist that all living things are "fearfully and wonderfully made." Plants take materials of various kinds from the air and from the earth, and work them up in proper shape for their growth. In turn, animals take parts of some plants or parts of some animals, and work them up so that they become part and parcel of the animal bodies. Life and growth of plant and animal depend upon this power to convert food into other things that can take their proper places in the body. Chemical change is the beginning of life. But what are these things that are formed within the plant and animal? That is a hard question to answer; and, indeed, the answer would be confusing. All that need be said is that among these things are the fats, sugar, starch, cellulose, and a group of important compounds called proteids. Besides these, there are innumerable substances found both in plants and animals. Naturally, chemists are interested in these things, and they have given, and are giving, much time to their investigation. It is only through such study that we can hope ever to gain any conception of the changes that are taking place in living things, or of the nature of life in its various forms.

Of the substances mentioned, the fats are relatively the simplest, and they are, accordingly, pretty well understood. It is interesting to note in passing that the first and the most important chemical investigation in fats was carried out at the beginning of this century by the French chemist Chevreul, who died only a few years ago at the age of 103, having kept in harness to the last. Regarding our knowledge of fats, it is safe to say that we know enough about them to be able to see how one could, starting with carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, which are the only elementary substances found in the fats—how one could make in the laboratory the same fats that occur in living things. No one has ever done this, but it appears highly probable that, with unlimited time at one's disposal, it could be done by making use of methods that are made use of every day in the laboratory. Not many years ago that statement would have been challenged. The constituents of plants and animals were supposed to be entirely different from the constituents of the inanimate inorganic parts of the earth, and it was further supposed that those substances which are elaborated under the influence of the life-process cannot be formed without this influence. This may be true of the most complex constituents of plants and animals, but it is certainly not true of some of the simpler of these constituents. For example, urea, one of the most characteristic substances formed in the animal body, was made in the laboratory in 1828, by a method which was entirely independent of the life-process; and since that time innumerable other substances which are characteristic products of the life-process have been made artificially. So that, as we

know very well what fats are, and can make substances of the same kind in the laboratory, there is nothing out of the way in saying that the fats could probably be made artificially. Let us assume that they can be. What then?

Next in order of complexity come the so-called carbohydrates, which include the sugars, starch, and cellulose. Is it "highly probable" that the chemist can build these up out of the elements in the laboratory? Thanks to Emil Fischer, of Berlin, we can now almost say that sugar is not an unsolved problem. Within the last few years more has been done to clear up the problem of the sugars than in all preceding time put together. One of the simplest sugars has been prepared artificially in the laboratory, and the relations between the others have been, to a large extent, revealed.

But the sugars are simple things compared with starch. Starch *is* an unsolved problem. It is of the highest importance in Nature. Its wide distribution among plants and the part that it plays as a constituent of foods show this. What is it? Of course, if we say it is a carbohydrate, we have made the whole subject clear! The truth is we know very little about it, in spite of the large amount of work that has been done on it. In what has been done there is little promise of success, though the chemical optimist hopes, even in the face of starch. I confess to being a moderate optimist. If asked why I hope in this case, I could only answer, "I hope—that is all."

Let us take the next step. This brings us to cellulose, a substance of very great importance for all plants. It forms, as it were, their skeletons. Just as animals are built upon a basis of bone, so plants are built upon a basis of cellulose. It is that constituent of plants that gives them form and that enables them to resist the disintegrating influences to which they are subject in Nature. When a piece of wood is treated with certain active substances, "chemicals" as they are called by the outside world, many of the constituents are destroyed and removed, and, finally, what is known as wood-pulp remains. This is mainly cellulose. As is well known, large quantities of paper are made from this pulp. Paper is, in fact, more or less pure cellulose. Every plant contains cellulose, and without it the plants could not exist. It seems as though a chemist ought to feel humiliated to have to confess that even less is known about cellulose than about starch. There appears to be some reason for believing that it is distantly related to starch, but that is about all we can say. It is probably enormously complicated. To be sure, it contains only the three elements, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, but these three elements can combine with one another in thousands of different ways, forming, on the one hand, relatively simple products, and, on the other, products of such complexity that before them the chemist can only stand and wonder. Cellulose belongs to the latter class.

### THE AWESOME PROTEIDS.

FINALLY, let us remove our hats and shoes, and, bowing low, ask with bated breath: —What about the proteids? What about them, indeed? Let us, rather, go back to cellulose and starch and recover our courage and our heads. This atmosphere is stifling. I always feel like running away when any one begins to talk about proteids in my presence, and here I am, trying to write something about them. I ought to be ashamed of myself. Quoting from a text-book of physiology: "These (proteids) form the principal solids of the muscular, nervous, and glandular tissues, of the serum of blood, of serous fluids, and of lymph." That tells the story. What could we do without them? It is not for me to say what we know about proteids. In my youth I had a desire to attack these dragons, but now I am afraid of them. Fortunately, there is no occasion here for enlarging upon them. I only want to make clear the fact that they are unsolved problems of chemistry; and, let me add, they are likely to remain such for generations to come. Yet every one who knows anything about chemistry and physiology knows that these proteids must be understood, before we can hope to have a clear conception of the chemical processes of the human body. Fortunately for us, there are always some chemists who delight in working upon the most difficult problems and are not willing to take "No" for an answer. So that there is always some one working on the proteids, and something is coming of it.

In the field of synthetic chemistry perhaps the most important problem among those that are unsolved is that presented by *protoplasm*. I have recently heard of a school, and a primary school at that, where the small children are introduced to the mysteries of life by being told "all about" protoplasm. If I were a pupil in that school, I might be able to tell my readers what protoplasm is, but, as I have not that privilege, I shall

have to acknowledge that I know very little about it. In fact, it is a substance, or a mixture of substances, with which the chemist can do very little. Great interest has been taken in all that pertains to protoplasm, because it is so directly connected with life. The simplest organisms are the *amœbæ*. These may be regarded as representing life reduced to its lowest form. Now an *amœba* "is wholly, or almost wholly protoplasm." "It lives, moves, eats, grows, and, after a time, dies, having been, during its whole life, hardly anything more than a minute lump of protoplasm"—(Foster). Regarded as a chemical substance, it contains the elements oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, and sulphur in fairly constant proportions. It would be a great day for chemistry if a chemist should succeed in putting together, and causing to unite, the above-named elements in the proportions in which they are present in protoplasm, and he should find that he had made protoplasm artificially. If this artificial protoplasm should move and eat and grow, he would deserve to be ranked with Pygmalion of old. What are the prospects?

In the first place, protoplasm does not appear to be a single substance, but a mixture of substances. It contains something that is derived from a proteid, something else derived from a fat, and still a third something derived from a carbohydrate. Perhaps these three things are chemically united with one another, and not simply mixed. The problem presented to the chemist is one of the greatest difficulty. It would be necessary for him to determine exactly what proteid, what fat, and what carbohydrate are essential to the existence of protoplasm; then to bring these together, and show that the substance thus obtained is identical with protoplasm. This might be accomplished, and yet the protoplasm obtained not be a living thing; for there is dead, as well as living, protoplasm. There is no evidence that any chemist is engaged in attempts to make protoplasm in the laboratory. Possibly some are dreaming of this problem, but dreams are generally harmless, and sometimes they are pleasant, and, indeed, useful. Before we can understand, if we ever are to understand, the difference between a living and a dead tissue, we must understand what protoplasm is, and our chances of solving the problem presented by this important basis of life are extremely poor. Still, we may hope to get nearer its solution by continued investigation, and we shall have to be satisfied with small returns for our labor.

Chemistry has to deal with the composition of things, and the changes in the composition of things, and all that pertains to these subjects. Changes in composition are often brought about by raising the temperature. To take a comparatively simple, though not a familiar, example, water is a compound of the elements hydrogen and oxygen. When this is heated, it is converted into water-vapor. When this vapor is heated to 4,500 degrees Fahrenheit, it is resolved into hydrogen and oxygen. At this temperature the compound, water, cannot exist. On the other hand, when hydrogen and oxygen are brought together at ordinary temperatures, they do not combine to form water, unless a spark or a flame is brought in contact with the mixture, when a violent explosion occurs, and this is the signal of the chemical union of the two elements to form water. Again, when wood is heated, it gives off gases and liquids, and at last there is nothing left but charcoal, which is one form of the element carbon. It is plain that some substances, that can exist at ordinary temperature, are decomposed—that is to say, they cannot exist—at high temperatures. This is, in fact, true of many of the substances familiar to us. But heat not only decomposes compounds; it also, if not too intense, causes elements to combine to form compounds. In the laboratory and in the factory heat is constantly being employed for the purpose of bringing about, or aiding, chemical action. The blast-furnace, from which comes all our iron, is a good example. The object in view is the separation of the metal, iron, from its ores. The ores consist of iron in combination with oxygen and, sometimes, other things; but it is the oxygen that gives the principal difficulty. When the compound of iron and oxygen is heated with something that, under the circumstances, has the power to combine with the oxygen and escape with it in the form of a gas, the iron is left behind. Charcoal or coke is used for this purpose. At high temperatures, these substances, which are different forms of the element carbon, take the oxygen from the iron, and the metal liberated sinks to the bottom of the furnace in the molten state, while the gaseous compound of carbon and oxygen passes out of the top of the furnace. The oxygen changes partners. It is to be observed that the iron ore might be mixed with the charcoal, and the mixture allowed to stand at ordinary temperatures for any length of time, without separation of iron. Heat is necessary, and a good deal of it, to cause the charcoal to

unite with the oxygen and carry it off into space.

Heat being an important factor in chemical acts, the question suggests itself: What will be the effect upon chemical processes if the temperature is raised much above the range within which we ordinarily work? And at the same time the complementary question will suggest itself: What will be the effect of lowering the temperature much below that at which we ordinarily work?

## EXTREMES OF TEMPERATURE.

UNTIL within the last few years the highest temperatures attainable were reached by the aid of the so-called compound blowpipe, which is an instrument for burning hydrogen, or some other combustible gas, in oxygen under pressure. By the aid of this instrument platinum was melted and, in one case, silver was boiled. But now the introduction of powerful electric currents has made the production of much higher temperatures possible, and marvelous results have been reached. M. Moissan, of Paris, has for some time been engaged in studying the chemical effects of high temperatures, and to him we owe almost all we know of chemistry at these temperatures. He has made use of a simple contrivance, which he calls an electric furnace. In this he has subjected many things to temperatures as high as from 6,000 to 7,000 degrees Fahrenheit. It is a pity that Dante could not have taken a course in chemistry under M. Moissan. These temperatures, notwithstanding their great height, are suggestive of the lower regions. This work has opened up a new world to chemists, and has shown them that there are many unsolved problems to be found here. Things that unite readily at ordinary high temperatures do not act at all at these higher temperatures; and things that do not act at all at the former act vigorously at the latter. There is no end of what may be learned in this new field.

Just as it is desirable to know how things act upon one another at high temperatures, so it is equally desirable to know how they act at low temperatures. Curiously enough, work in this direction has kept pace with that in the opposite direction, referred to in the last paragraph. Within the last year or two, the attention of everybody has been directed to low temperatures by the interesting work that has been done on liquid air. It is well known that air can now be liquefied on the large scale, and that liquid air is an article of commerce. This brings low temperatures to our door, for it is only necessary to expose the liquid in an open vessel to produce a temperature of about 300 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit! Then, further, Dewar has recently succeeded in liquefying and, indeed, solidifying hydrogen—a much more difficult feat than liquefying air—and with the solid thus produced he has reached the temperature 432 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit! There is no serious difficulty then, at present, in studying chemical action at temperatures in the neighborhood of 300 degrees below zero. The first results are not reassuring. Things are not very lively down there, to say the least. It may be that all chemical action ceases below a certain temperature, but we do not, as yet, know enough about this subject to justify us in speaking with confidence about it. Countless experiments yet unborn will have to be tried. In thinking of the possibilities, we are confronted with what appears to be a paradox. It has been pointed out that high temperature, in many cases, has the effect of decomposing substances. This shows that these substances are more stable at low temperatures than at the ordinary temperatures. In other words, if heat causes the constituents to separate, cold might apparently cause them to unite more firmly. But, if this is so, why do not substances act upon each other readily at low temperatures? It may be that the constituents are so firmly held together that they cannot move about among one another, as they must in order to combine. The water that is frozen in a glacier does not act like water at ordinary temperatures. It is, as it were, chained up and prevented from obeying the laws of water.

## THE GREAT UNSOLVED.

IN what I have thus far had to say, I have kept in view certain problems which do not necessarily call for much speculation. It would, however, hardly be fair to leave the speculative side of chemistry entirely out of consideration. Sometimes young pupils are introduced to chemistry through the atom. Only very young, or very ignorant, persons can talk with confidence about atoms. The further one goes into the mysteries of chemistry, the more mysterious appears the atom. In fact, the atom is the great un-

solved problem of chemistry. But this is subtle. What is an atom? Ah! that is the question. It has been a favorite subject of thought from the earliest days. Up to the beginning of this century, however, it was nothing but a metaphysical plaything. The wits of generations of philosophers have been sharpened by efforts to decide whether matter is infinitely divisible or not. Take a piece of, say, iron. No matter what its size may be, it can be broken up into smaller pieces; and each of the pieces thus obtained can be still further subdivided. Now, how far can this process of subdivision be carried? Is there any limit? The atomists held that, after a time, particles would be reached so small that they could not be made smaller. But their opponents said, "No! this is inconceivable. Matter must be infinitely divisible." As neither side could prove the other wrong, the question under discussion was well adapted to the purposes of controversy.

The atom of to-day is a scientific abstraction. Many facts have been brought to light that make it appear certain that matter is not continuous—is not capable of infinite subdivision. Dalton, the Quaker schoolmaster of Manchester, was the first one to bring the atom down to the earth and make it a useful idea. How he did this cannot be shown here. Suffice it to say, the *atomic theory* proposed by Dalton in the early years of this century lives to-day, and is stronger than it has ever been, notwithstanding the efforts that have been made to show that it is built upon sand. It has been, and is to-day, an extremely useful theory. Whether it will always continue to be so is another question, and one that need not bother us. It is believed that each elementary substance—that is to say, each chemical element—consists of minute particles that are not broken up in the course of chemical changes. These particles that remain intact are the atoms of chemistry. Some such theory is absolutely necessary to account for the fundamental laws of chemistry.

Into what thin air we enter, when we begin to speak of the properties of the individual atom, will appear when it is stated that, according to the calculations of Lord Kelvin, the molecule of hydrogen, which is at least twice as large as its atom, is of such size that it would take 50,000,000 of them placed in a row to occupy an inch! To be sure, most atoms are larger than those of hydrogen, but there are few so large that it would not be necessary to have about a million of them to occupy an inch. What sense is there in talking about such things? We shall never be able to see them, or to prove that they exist. True, but the conception of the atom has been of great help to chemists, and, as long as it continues to be helpful, it will be clung to.

If the views held by the majority of chemists are true, the science of chemistry is the science of atoms. The astronomer has to deal with infinite distances and the largest masses in the universe. The chemist, on the other hand, has to deal with the shortest distances and the minutest particles of matter. The astronomer uses the telescope, but there is no microscope that can carry us to the atom. The astronomer observes points of light, follows their motions, and works out the laws that govern them. The chemist has troubles of another kind. He cannot deal directly with single atoms. No matter how small a quantity of an element he may use in his experiment, he has to deal with a large number of atoms. Every time he performs an experiment millions of atoms come into play. He studies his substances before action and after action. New substances are formed, and he concludes that the atoms have arranged themselves in different ways. What he *knows* is that new substances with new properties are formed. He knows this whether atoms are realities or not, but the atom helps him to form a picture of what probably takes place throughout the masses with which he is dealing. The atoms are as far removed from the intellectual gaze of the chemist as the most remote stars from the eye of the astronomer.

Yet the chemist talks about the way in which atoms are combined with one another; and he draws figures, and constructs models to show it all. And he doesn't do this for his amusement, but because he is helped by it. He talks in the language of chemistry, as the mathematician talks in the language of mathematics. Some day he will, no doubt, understand the language better. Probably the language itself will be changed, and that which he now uses will seem like the prattle of an infant.

One other side of chemistry must be turned into view before I can close. I am not sure that I can make myself intelligible in what I still have to say, but I shall try. Thus far, in what has been said about chemical acts, the material side has been kept in view. The relations between the elements; the artificial preparation of the substances that enter into the composition of living things; the

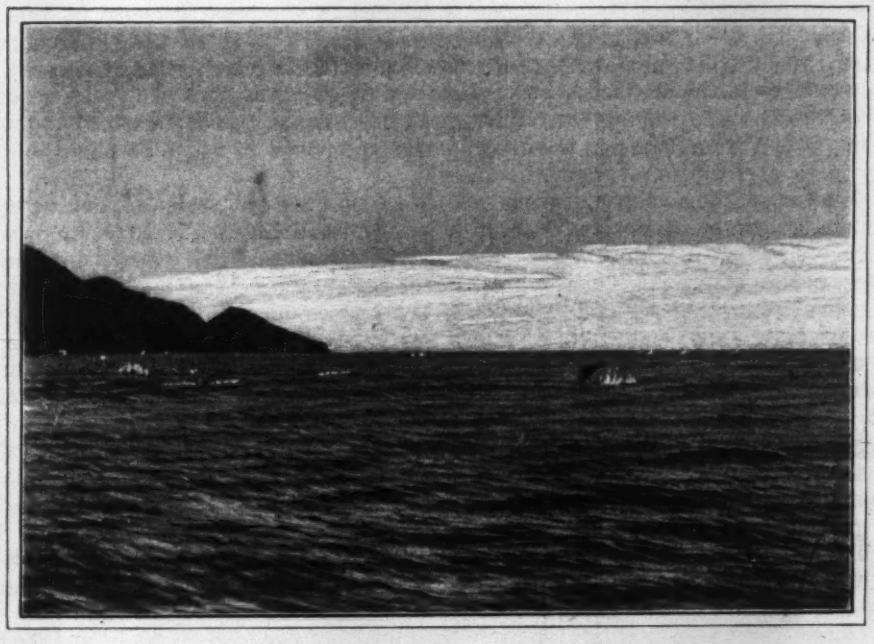
changes in the composition of matter at high and at low temperatures; and, finally, the atom—these are the subjects dealt with. But, whenever a chemical act takes place, there are changes in the temperature and in the electrical condition of the substances involved, in addition to the changes in composition. It is while in action that chemical substances are most interesting. Generally we have to content ourselves with observations before and after an act, but we should learn a great deal more about the nature of the act, if we could make observations while it is in progress. We should find it very difficult, if not impossible, to learn the law of falling bodies, if we could only observe bodies before and after they have fallen; but by observing them in the act of falling we can, without difficulty, deduce the law.

### LAWS OF CHEMICAL CHANGE.

GENERALLY speaking, chemical acts are so rapid that it is impossible to make observations during their course. Much progress has been made in this field during the past fifteen or twenty years, and some of the great laws of chemical action have been discovered. What has been learned is, however, only enough to whet the appetite of chemists. To illustrate in another way what is meant by making observations during a chemical act, let us take the case of gunpowder. This usually consists of charcoal, sulphur, and saltpeter. A spark is sufficient to cause the chemical act that is accompanied by the explosion. We can collect everything that is formed, and show what changes in composition have taken place. But we should like to know something about the act itself, and yet, plainly, observations during the act cannot be numerous, or especially instructive. And so it is with most common chemical changes that are studied in the laboratory. We get only snap-shots at them. If we could only get a series of pictures at short intervals, we might, by combining these afterward, get some idea of what is taking place during the act. Fortunately, there are ways of controlling certain classes of chemical acts and reducing their speed, so that observations can be made during their progress; and much has been learned in this way. Here is a great field for further study, and it presents many unsolved problems.

Finally, a few words about water. It is said that a well-known chemist some years ago made a bet that a certain company of chemists could not name a chemical subject that would not, in turn, suggest to him a profitable chemical investigation. Thereupon, after much deliberation, the challenged company suggested "water," on the assumption that this has been thoroughly worked over, and does not present unsolved problems. The result was a beautiful investigation of some of the properties of water. Every one knows that water is the most abundant substance on the earth. It also plays a more important part in the changes that are taking place on the earth than any other substance. We are only beginning to learn how it acts. That it dissolves many things is well known, but let us not be misled because this phenomenon is so common and so familiar. Put a little salt in water. What becomes of it? It disappears. There is no solid substance in the vessel. We may bandy phrases as we please, but we cannot tell what has become of the salt. We can get the salt out of the water by boiling the solution and letting the water pass off as steam, when the salt will be left behind. As we put the salt in and take it out, we have been accustomed until recently to think of the salt as being present in the solution as such. One of the most important advances in chemistry made of late years is that which leads to the conception that, in dilute solutions at least, there is little, if any, salt present; that, in some way, the water decomposes it into particles highly charged with electricity. These particles are called *ions*. This idea has thrown a great deal of light upon important problems of chemistry, but it has suggested many new ones. Some substances—for example, sugar—do not act like salt when dissolved in water. Why this difference? Then, too, some liquids which are good solvents do not act at all like water. What is it in water that distinguishes it from most other liquids, such as alcohol and ether, enabling it to tear many substances asunder? These are questions that are now very much to the front. Rapid progress is being made, and we may look for important discoveries in this field in the near future.

*In its pursuit of flying-fish, the tuna leaps ten—often twelve—feet into the air to fall upon its victim. Occasionally such plunges carry the tuna over the boats of fishermen, and the possibility that they may strike and wreck the frail launches adds to the zest of the sport. From a photograph by Swenson.*



# ADVENTURES WITH THE LEAPING TUNA.

## THE SKILL AND ENDURANCE REQUIRED TO CAPTURE "THE TIGER OF THE SEA."

By Charles Frederick Holder,
Author of "Along the Florida Reef," "Half Hours with Nature," etc.

AMONG the many tales which come up from the sea none are more interesting, indeed sensational, than those relating to the capture of the great game fish, the leaping tuna, on the shores of Santa Catalina—"the Isle of Summer," as Southern Californians term it. The vision of this acrobat of the sea bursting from the water like an arrow, ten, yes, twelve feet into the air, has been mine on many occasions. I have seen him take his prey in mid-air, like an eagle; have watched him convert the Catalina sea, that had lain breathless, like a mirror of steel in the semi-tropic sun, into a maelstrom of surging waters; and have fought him, as he slowly towed my boat out to sea, hour after hour, until the lofty cliffs of the mountain-island were deep in gloom; and, finally, far on in the night have brought the game to gaff by the light of a lantern.

One of the singular facts about this mysterious fish is that it is caught with the rod only at Santa Catalina; and even there the sport seems to be confined within a space of about eight miles along the north shore of the island, never being seen nearer the mainland, which, with its snow-capped ranges, rises twenty miles away. The Vale of Avalon, which reaches from the bay of that name up into the mountains, is the headquarters of the famous Tuna Club, whose members, from every section of this country and even England, habitually fish here. The crescent bay, the lofty rocks, the tiers of hills merging into mountains, the blue haze and silvery flecks of fog, the deep blue of the sky and water, coupled with an almost perfect climate, winter and summer, make it an ideal spot for this adventurous sport. Around the crescent-shaped beach are the boatstands of

oarsmen, famous tuna gaffers, with reputations made on many a hard-fought field; boatmen as skilled as the Canadian *voyageurs;* their names blazoned on colored signs above the stands, by which float flags and signals bearing the magic figures of the tuna, or some device dear to the angler's heart.

He who would woo the leaping tuna that comes rushing into Avalon Bay from the deep sea, piling waves of foam in air, converting the waters into a swirling caldron, must be up betimes and a devotee of Eos, as the fish comes in from three until eight, and again from three in the afternoon until eight, never being caught at midday, and only in the months of May, June, and July. As a rule, the tuna stops biting all at once, sometimes between the 20th of July and the 1st of August. I have never known of but one being caught in August. We are on the beach so early that Vincente, the Venetian bait-catcher, is just taking the tuna bait from his gill-nets—great flying-fishes with four winglike fins. A dozen are tossed into the boat, which is then pushed off into the glassy bay and headed toward the horizon of vermilion clouds through which lighter rays are breaking—the advance guard of the rising sun.

The boat is tuna-rigged, and her name is "Fortuna." She is a yawl, with wide beam. The two anglers sit side by side in comfortable cushioned chairs facing the stern; behind them sits the boatman, who is also the gaffer. The rods and reels in tuna fishing are of the finest description—a single joint of noib wood, greenheart, or split bamboo, eight or nine feet long, with beautiful agate tips and guides; the handle of the butt wound with bamboo; and the left-hand grip, above the reel, of cork, held in place by silver bands. The reel is a big rubber and silver appliance, as nicely made as a watch and quite as expensive. It has a heavy leather thumb-brake and a patent anti-overrunning brake, and holds eight or nine hundred feet of a number twenty-one thread linen line that is a marvel of strength, yet a mere thread. The equipment costs perhaps—rod, $25; reel, $40; line, $3.50; in all, $68.50; and I dwell upon it because no large tunas were landed until the equipment was perfected. To the line is fastened a seven-foot piano-wire leader and a 10–0 hook.

The first and one of the most important features in tuna fishing is wetting the line. A dry line would be burnt off at the first pressure of the brake as the tuna struck. As the boatman rows out into the bay, we unreel and soak the lines, then reel in, and the boatman fastens on the leader and the bait. The latter is a large flying-fish, and is hooked in the head, because at that the tuna strikes. We slack out the line a hundred feet, and the boat is rowed up the coast, not more than 150 feet from the rocky hills that rise perpendicularly everywhere, giving water perfectly smooth in which to play the gamy fish.

We soon have two rods out, one on either side. On each man's face expectancy is apparent, and perhaps one of us, since he has never yet caught a tuna, fingers his rod nervously and wonders secretly if he can land a fish. Suddenly a big dragon-fly-like object rises 200 feet to the left—a flying-fish flushed by a tuna. There is no mistaking the sign, and the blood surges into the face of the novice, as he hears the whisper of the boatman: "Look out, sir; they're coming!" The flyer comes steadily on, about three feet above the surface, and crosses the lines. Then a white wave hisses along, a hundred feet astern, and a dark body rises like an arrow into the air, turns gracefully, and falls upon the bait. Zip ze-eee-eee-z-zeee! and the steel throats of both of the big reels scream out an alarm that can be heard so far away that a companion angler, hearing it, waves his hat.

"You put on too much pressure, sir," says the boatman, as the novice gazes in amazement at his almost empty reel. He has lost his first tuna—how, is a mystery to him. But I have hooked mine; and listen to the reel as it now screams in a hysterical fashion, then sings in notes that tell every movement of the fish. Zee-zeee! it tears off the line. Fifty, one hundred, three hundred, four hundred feet gone! The boatman meanwhile is pushing the boat astern, getting it under way. Zee-zeee! Another hundred is torn away from the protesting reel, and yet I have been pressing on the leather brake with all my force. Six hundred feet of line the tuna has garnered in his first marvelous rush, before I can stop him. The reel is now silent, and the fish is towing the boat by the thread of a line—a fishing miracle.

All this has taken but a few moments. I drop back into my chair when the line slackens, then spring to my feet to see the first of a series of splendid tricks. The tuna is coming in, charging me like a bull in the ring. I can see his dorsal fin cutting the water as he flies along, and I reel with all my strength, the big multiplier eating up the line nobly. But no human power could

take in that 600 feet before the fish reaches the boat. There is still nearly 200 feet out when the tuna ends his sensational charge within a short distance of us, whirling about, throwing the spray high in air. Zeee-zeee-zeee! screams the reel, as the tuna turns and makes a second terrific rush, after having attempted to overrun the line and take me unawares. This time about 500 feet are lost before I can stop him, and once more I drop into the seat, almost exhausted. The slightest error of judgment, and the thread will break. The thumb must be pressed upon the brake just hard enough to check the line, and be so delicately adjusted that every plunge, rush, or action of the fish is met. But thirty members of the Tuna Club have landed a tuna of over one hundred pounds weight, the reason being demoralization caused by the action of the fish in the first five minutes.

MR. J. H. WOODS FIGHTING A TUNA.

*The fish finally got away after a struggle of more than fourteen hours, during which he dragged the boat thirty-five miles. Mr. Woods, nearly exhausted, gave up his rod to his boatman at the end of seven hours and twenty minutes. From a photograph by Swenson.*

The fish now towed the boat nearly a mile out to sea in one long rush, frequently surging downward with terrific force. Suddenly he stopped, whirled like a top, and came boiling in to the music of the reel, that I worked in desperation. Again he turned a short distance from the boat, and went hissing through the water, tearing off yards of line, until he was again 600 feet away, towing us inshore. Forty minutes had slipped by, and not an inch of line had been gained, though I had reeled continuously, taking in twenty feet, to lose it by foot or yard. Now the tuna searched for the bottom of the deep blue channel; now came pumping upward, the line thrilling and vibrating like the chord of some musical instrument humming strange music. Nearer we went to the rocks. The boatman's oars were in the water; and during all this time he had never taken his eyes from the tip of the rod, and was ever holding and rowing against the fish while the latter towed us—three men and a heavy boat. His object was to aid in tiring out the fish, in order that the contest might not be interminable. We were now so near the rocks and their beard of kelp that we feared the tuna was going to make for the kelp—an unusual movement. But no; the moment he realized that he was in the shallows, he turned and charged again; rushed round the boat in great circles; then towed us half a mile to sea; then plunged down and around in a frenzy of rage, again making splendid rushes, only to turn and charge.

For three hours this gamy tuna fought me and my boatman; then I turned him, and he swam nearly five miles down the coast, towing us home, being brought to gaff at the entrance of Avalon Bay, after a contest of four hours without cessation or rest. Time and

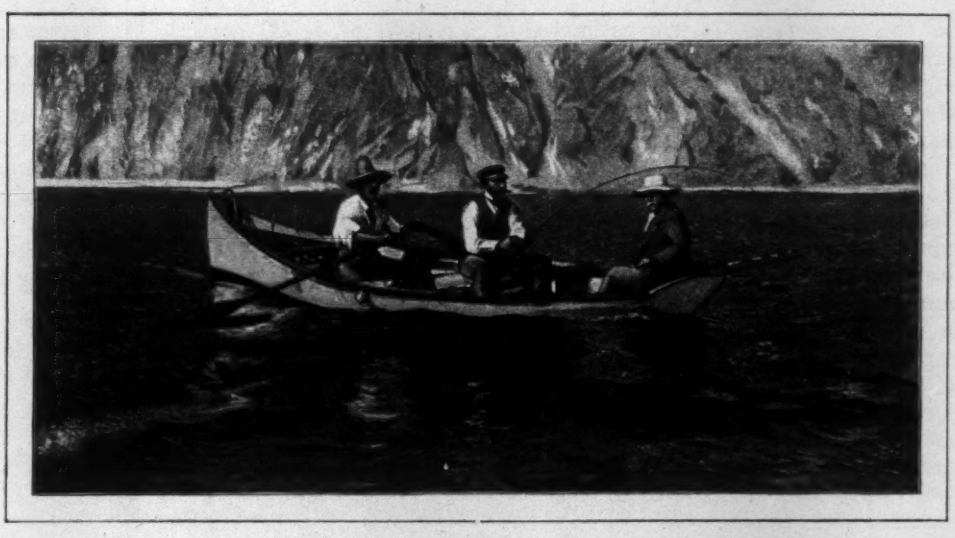
GIVING A TUNA THE BUTT IN THE EFFORT TO BRING HIM WITHIN REACH OF THE BOATMAN'S GAFF.

*Drawn from a photograph by Swenson.*

again, at the last, I had him within fifty feet of the boat, but could get him no nearer. My strength was beginning to wane, and I had almost concluded that he could not be brought alongside, when he suddenly displayed signs of surrender and began circling slowly around the boat. Only then did we fully realize the size of the fish. He swam doggedly along as I gave him the butt; the boatman slipped the steel gaff beneath the silvery under surface, and he was ours. Not yet! He flung his tail into the air, deluging us with water; shattered the gaff handle and jerked it from the boatman's hands, and was away. Again he was reeled in, and this time a heavier gaff impaled him. Then we stepped on to the gunwale of the boat, pressing her down to the water's edge, and slid the monster in, amid cheers from friends in a following launch.

Such was the record catch, the cup and medal catch, of the Tuna Club of 1898–99. The fish was about six feet in length, forty-three inches in girth, and weighed 183 pounds. In the summer of 1899, Colonel C. P. Morehouse of Pasadena took, in three hours, a much larger tuna, one weighing 251 pounds, that towed the boat eight or ten miles before he was gaffed. The fish made a desperate fight, towing the boat "Tunita" out into the channel, where she nearly filled in the heavy sea. The angler, a skilled wielder of the rod, who has caught tarpon and almost all the game fishes of this country, stated that the struggle for supremacy was the hardest he had ever been a party to; and, like all who have conquered large tunas, he was much exhausted at the finish. A tuna of 175 pounds, taken by Mr. F. V. Rider, gave that veteran angler a contest he will long remember.

While the 251-pound tuna was the largest ever caught in these waters, much larger fish, undoubtedly, have been hooked and escaped. During the past season, a member of the Tuna Club, Mr. J. H. Woods, of Lima, Ohio, had an experience which attracted much attention among anglers. Many fishermen use light-power launches and move through the schools of tunas at a rapid rate, thus imitating as nearly as possible the speed and motion of the flying-fish as it rushes along. Mr. Woods was fishing in a trim launch run by Captain Harry Elms, when he had a strike that made the steel tongue of the great reel scream. The man at the reel was powerful; but he found it was almost impossible to check the run, and the mighty fish rushed on and on, dragging, jerking, pulling lengths of line, until nearly 1,000 feet were out. The engine had been pumping astern at full speed, and presently the launch was flying through the water, stern first, towed by the unseen steed with trace no bigger round than an eye-glass cord. Now began a contest that has no equal in the annals of rod-fishing. The tuna made directly out to sea, occasionally stopping to rush in or around the boat, then with great sweeps coursing off and circling, to dart down again into the blue channel, with a power so great that even the engine, when tried at half speed, made no impression on him.



WHEN THE TUNA IS HOOKED, THE OARS MUST SUPPLEMENT THE REEL TO KEEP PACE WITH HIS RUSHES.

*Drawn from a photograph by Swenson.*

The fish was hooked at four in the morning, and boats returning to Avalon at ten o'clock reported that Mr. Woods had been fast to a tuna for six hours, and that the fish was towing him out to sea. Knots of people began to gather at the fishing-stands, discussing the chances of the record being broken. Eleven, twelve, and one o'clock passed, and still nothing was heard of the launch, which was now out of sight. Mr. Woods had his wife and little boy with him, and as a sea had blown up, it was decided to send a launch with lunch and an offer of help. Never before had a fish played so long. The rescue party found the boat about seven miles out, lying in the trough of the sea, and the tuna still towing it offshore. Mr. Woods had now played the fish seven hours and twenty minutes, and, nearly exhausted, had at last surrendered, and passed the rod over to the boatman. He and his family went aboard the visiting launch, to return inshore; and the boatman, determined to bring in the fish, was left eight miles offshore, with lunch and water near at hand, and his gaff within easy reach behind him. It was then eight hours from the time of the strike, and the tuna remained apparently as fresh as ever.

The incident had created so much excitement that boatmen took advantage of it, and carried passengers out to observe the sport, and Captain Elms was soon surrounded by anglers and tourists, all anxious to see the end. But he had underestimated the fish. An hour passed, and another, and another, until finally thirteen hours had slipped by, and the fish was still several hundred feet from the boat. Several times Elms brought him within fifty feet, and saw a blaze of silver on the surface that melted into the deep blue as the fish dived, taking several hundred feet of line. A heavy sea now came rolling down the channel with the afternoon wind, and thirteen hours and a half from the time of the strike, Elms began to gain inch upon inch, by holding the line when the boat dropped into the trough of the sea, and so lifting the fish. He continued this arduous work for half an hour, and could see that the tuna was nearly at the surface. To drop the rod and pick up the gaff was impossible. In a moment nine inches of the tail of the fish rose above the surface, and the observers saw that he was a giant indeed. A skilled angler from one of the other launches now went aboard to wield the gaff. Elms still held the rod, with thumb on the brake, ready to let go at the slightest rush. The gaffer attempted to reach the head of the fish, but the reach was too long, and the strike failed. The giant made a mighty surge, went down 200 feet like an arrow, and then Elms felt a peculiar twist. The tuna was free, after fourteen hours and twenty minutes of fighting. This ended the contest. Those who saw the tuna's tail and those who experienced his power are still wondering as to his size and weight. The following day the steamer that plies between the island and the mainland sighted a mighty tuna floating on the surface near this spot; presumably

it was the same fish. It was estimated at eight feet in length and to weigh 600 pounds. An eight-foot shark could have been landed in less than half an hour. So much for the power, strength, and fighting qualities of this tiger of the sea.

The tuna is an oceanic fish, which explains the fact that it is confined to the offshore islands in southern Californian waters. It is the largest of bony fishes, the *Thunnus thynnus* of science, and is known to attain a weight of 1,500 pounds. In appearance it resembles a gigantic bonito, and is a near ally of this fish, claiming, with it, many of the beauties of form and color. The upper portion is a rich blue; the belly, silver; the finlets, a brilliant yellow. The dorsal fin fits into a complete sheath, and the shape of the fins and the general appearance of the fish indicate speed and untiring vigor, while its fighting qualities give it place among the great game of the world of sport.

*A 251-pound tuna, the cup and medal winner, 1899, caught by C. P. Morehouse with rod and reel, at Catalina Island, California. From a photograph by Swenson.*

# HERNANDO DE SOTO.

## THE LAST EXPEDITION LED BY THE NOBLEST OF THE EXPLORERS AND HIS DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

By Cyrus Townsend Brady,

Author of "American Fights and Fighters," "Commodore Paul Jones," "The Grip of Honor," "Stephen Decatur," etc.

IN the year 1536 a magnificent cavalier, of noble presence and princely bearing, arrived at the court of Valladolid.

The cavalier was Hernando de Soto. He was the scion of a noble though impoverished family, in whose veins flowed some of the bluest blood of Spain. He was born in the year 1501, in Villeneuva de Barcarrota, at Xeres near Badajos.

When he was but thirteen years old, he set sail for the New World as a page in the train of Pedrarias, the infamous governor of Darien.

He met with the favor of Pedrarias, and in ten years' time was a captain in an expedition into the wilds of Nicaragua. His chroniclers relate of him that he joyed in the hunting of savages. In April, 1532, he landed with a troop of horse on the Gulf of Guayaquil, a needed reënforcement for the detestable Pizarro. The courage and ability of De Soto were soon recognized by the keen conqueror of Peru. Responsibilities were thrust upon him. It was he who discovered and made way over the passes of the mountains. With Hernando Pizarro, he headed the embassy which boldly entered the camp where the Inca Atahualpa sat enthroned amid a multitude of wild warriors.

He was one of the company which participated in the capture of the Inca on the 16th of November, 1532, and the dreadful slaughter in the square of Caxamarca. At the storming of Cuzco he was the first over the walls; and in all the battles and marches he bore a prominent part.

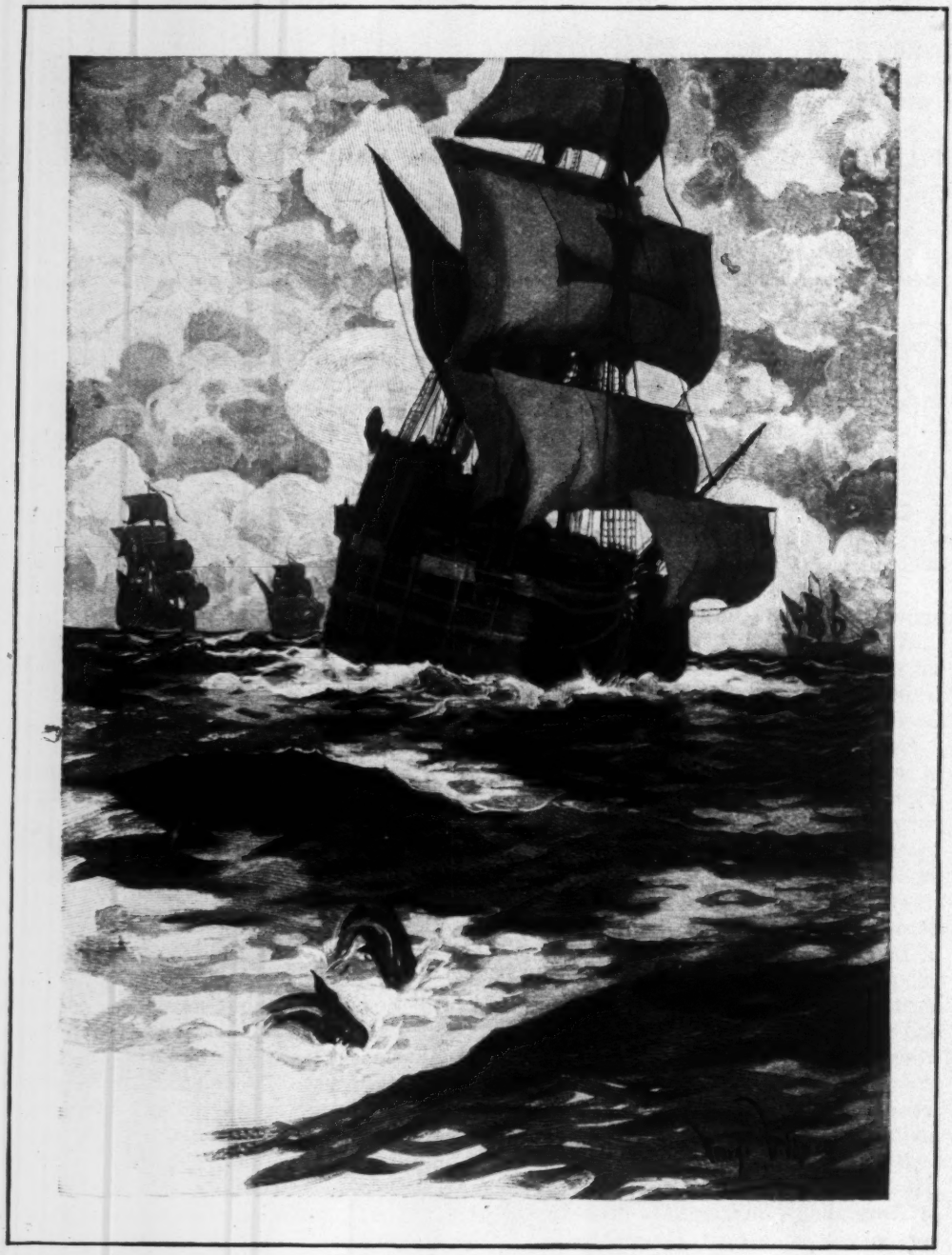
When the country was entirely subdued he returned to Spain, having received, as his share of the ransom of the Inca, about $270,000 in ingots of gold and silver.

With a halo of romance and a more substantial gilding of treasure adorning his handsome and stately person, he had but to choose for a wife the fairest of the fair dames of Castile, purchase an estate, establish himself as a grandee secure in the favor of the Emperor, and pass the rest of his days in the enjoyment of his treasure. His choice fell upon the beautiful Isabella de Bobadilla, a daughter of old Pedrarias, and a connection of that grand dame the Marchioness de Moya (Beatrice de Bobadilla), who had been the friend of Columbus. His present and his future appeared certain, when there came to the court, early in the year 1537, a little man named Cabeza de Vaca, who had been a doer of doughty deeds, as we shall see, and was now a teller of strange tales.

Of 600 who had set forth to explore Florida in 1528, with visions of conquest before their eyes, he and three others alone survived. They had passed eight years in wandering across the continent from one savage tribe to another, from Florida to the Gulf of California. He had marvelous accounts to relate of a country in the interior of Florida, then the generic name for North America, beside which the riches of Mexico and Peru were inconsidered trifles. He refused to divulge the exact location of this fabulous Ophir, but he said enough to inflame the passions of De Soto. Unsatisfied by his tremendous booty and his future prospects, he determined upon the enterprise in which he hoped to acquire more glory and more gold than had been found by Cortez and Pizarro.

The Emperor Charles V. created De Soto a marquis, made him Governor of Cuba and Lord of Florida, and pretty much all the rest of the Western Hemisphere which was not yet discovered, with the title of Adelantando.

When the news was passed among the young courtiers of Spain that one of the conquerors of Peru was about to take the sea once more, he was overwhelmed with applications to join the expedition. With this embarrassment of volunteers, De Soto was able to select those best suited for his purpose. Wise De Vaca did not go along.



THE CARAVELS OF DE SOTO.

On Sunday, the 6th of April, 1538, being St. Lazarus' Day, the expedition, comprising some 900 men, set sail in a noble squadron of ships from the port of San Lucar at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. Such had been the profuseness of their preparation that great quantities of luggage, for which there was no room on the ship, were left behind on the wharf to the pillage of the people, but what did any man care for the reckless expenditure of a few thousand ducats in Spain in the face of uncounted ingots in Florida ?

The beautiful Isabella de Bobadilla accompanied her gallant husband.

After spending some time at Santiago and Havana, and putting all things in order in Cuba, on Sunday, the 18th of May, 1539,

with five great ships, two caravels, and two brigantines, they set sail from Havana. Donna Isabella stood on the Morro Castle and watched the white sails sink out of sight beneath the horizon.

On the 20th of May, which was Whitsunday, they landed in the Bay of Tampa, called by them the Bay of the Holy Spirit. They numbered over 600 perfectly appointed men, perhaps 200 of them being horsemen. Among the number were twelve priests, eight inferior clergy, and four monks, who could minister to the soldier, and convert such of the natives as the sword of the secular arm spared. One recruit, named Juan Ortiz, unexpectedly joined the army in Florida. He had been captured by the Indians from the party of De Narvaez ten years before. He had mastered the Indian tongue, and was able to make himself understood by the savages. He was a reënforcement of great value.

On the 15th of July the army, with the trumpeters and drummers in the lead, plunged into the depths of the forest and disappeared in the everglades.

In spite of constant attacks, with their superior arms and equipment they overbore opposition, and daily penetrated farther and farther into the continent. Their method was extremely effective. De Soto got possession of the chief of any tribe he chanced to come across, and compelled him to furnish a sufficient number of his subjects to carry the baggage of the little army into the territory of the next adjoining ruler, where a new levy of forced slaves would be made, and a certain proportion of those already impressed released and sent back to their own land.

One of the most serious encounters which they had with the Indians occurred in the domain of a chief named Vitachuco, in what is now Florida. In other circumstances and with other chroniclers he would have been called a patriot. He was a politic savage, and on the approach of De Soto's army, though he had threatened them with annihilation, he dissembled and received them with complaisance, offering them hospitality.

It was Vitachuco's plan to appoint a meeting at which De Soto would be invited to inspect his army. Twelve trusted followers were told off to seize the unsuspecting Spaniard, and a general massacre was to ensue. But the Spanish commander had not come there a boy. Suspicion, scrutiny, and treachery discovered the plot. At the meeting De Soto had every Spaniard under arms. When the deluded Indian gave the signal, instead of being able to seize his enemy, he found himself, in spite of his gigantic strength, a prisoner. His naked warriors threw themselves upon the mail-clad Europeans with a courage that deserved a better fate. They made their attack in vain. Their arrows, though shot with amazing skill, fell back blunted from the steel cuirasses, the spears hurled by never so powerful arms had not the range of the deadly arquebuse, and the rude war club was no match for the Toledo blade.

After being slaughtered by hundreds, seeing their chief an impotent captive, they broke and fled. There were two lakes near the battle-ground. The terrifying Spanish cavalry headed them off from the larger, forcing them to make for the smaller. With their relentless pursuers close on their heels, the Indians plunged into the sparkling waters. They were swimmers apparently, for the old historians relate that they swam about for thirty-six hours!

The night fell, and the Spaniards encircled the lake and prevented a single savage from breaking through the cordon of steel. As an evidence of their implacability, the Spaniards state that half a dozen men would swim together to form a platform in the water, upon which another would kneel and discharge his bolts so long as he had an arrow left in his quiver.

As the next day wore on, the Spaniards stopped shooting at them; their capture or death being inevitable, it was not good policy to waste ammunition, so the two parties waited in grim silence. I suspect there must have been shallow places in the water of which the Spaniards were ignorant, in which the Indians rested from time to time. The persistence of the conquerors finally wore out the resistance of the conquered; and one by one they came out on the bank, all but twelve, who refused to surrender, and remained in the water until they were so exhausted that De Soto sent in some of his men who were good swimmers and secured them. Their lives were spared.

The plan of Vitachuco had entirely failed. His warriors were enslaved, and his women the sport of the Spaniards; but the spirit of the savage was not broken. A fierce heart still beat in his breast. Hero-like, he determined to make one last effort for freedom. His men still outnumbered the Spaniards. Upon a given signal he arranged that they should rise, and with whatsoever weapon they could compass, be it nothing but their fettered

hands, they should overwhelm their captors. He was well treated by De Soto; and one night, as they sat at supper together, he gave the signal by a mighty war-whoop; then leaping to his feet, he caught the Spaniard by the throat and dealt him a furious blow in the face with his fist. De Soto sank senseless to the floor. His nose was broken, his face smashed in, his teeth knocked out. With a cry of exultation the savage sprang upon his prostrate foe, and it was not until the sword of an attendant was plunged through his body that he relaxed his iron grasp. In obedience to the signal the savages attempted to follow the example of their chief, but the attempt never presented even a possibility of success. Many were massacred and the rest punished, loaded with the baggage, and forced to move on. That was the end of Vitachuco's bold stroke for liberty.

The adventurers spent the first winter in the fertile country of Appalachee.

When the spring came, the men and horses, refreshed by their pleasant sojourn in the land of peace and plenty, took up their march to the northeast again. The year was a repetition of the preceding one. When they advanced as far as the Savannah River in South Carolina, they entered the land of Cofachiqui, which was ruled by a woman, a princess upon whose beauties of mind and person the Spanish chronicles have dilated. She probably had no more claim to beauty than Dulcinea del Toboso! At any rate, draped in grass-cloth and cotton, crested with feathers and gleaming with pearls, she came floating down the Savannah River like Cleopatra coming to Antony. There was more Castilian courtesy, and black treachery, the latter being on the part of the Spaniards only. There is another fine story of a string of pearls as large as hazel-nuts which the princess removed from her dusky neck and threw over the shoulders of De Soto, after some bashful hesitation and an exhibition of maidenly modesty, which show that there was not a great difference between the women of the Old World and the New. There was a ring, too, which De Soto plucked from his own finger and placed upon that of the princess; which he meant to get back later on (I am happy to say that he never got it).

The explorers pushed their way upward and westward into South Carolina across the foothills of the Appalachians, and gazed in admiration upon the mighty mountain range which barred their path. They then turned to the south, and moved down through Alabama and entered the domains of a renowned chief named Tuscaloosa, a giant in stature. His welcome was none of the warmest; but with careless indifference to anything that the Indians might do, they persisted in their advance. The wily savage, with specious promises of royal entertainment, led the army toward his capital city of palisades and thatch, which he called Maubila—a name perpetuated by the modern city of Mobile, a few miles farther down the same river. It was a well-fortified place, according to Indian standards, located on a beautiful meadow, upon a neck of land surrounded on three sides by the rapidly rushing Alabama River. It was surrounded by a palisade fastened together by vines. The interspaces between the logs were filled with thick masses of mud and straw; and many of the tree-trunks had taken root, so that the town was surrounded by a wall of living green.

The main body of the army halted one night five miles away from the village. The next morning, October 19, 1540, De Soto, with 100 cavaliers and footmen, followed by the usual melancholy train of slaves bearing the baggage, set forth for the town. He left orders for Moscoso to break camp and follow him with the main army at once.

Led by the chief, De Soto and the advance guard entered the walls. The slaves and the baggage were left hard by the gate outside. The place was crowded with warriors, and while there were many women, scarcely less fierce-looking than their lords, the absence of children was noted. The Spaniards, however, fearlessly occupied the houses assigned to them, and by De Soto's orders prepared breakfast. Tuscaloosa had withdrawn upon some pretext, and when breakfast was ready he was summoned. Juan Ortiz, who carried the message, was treated with contumely and compelled to repeat it several times. In the thatched houses of the Indians a fierce debate was going on. The discussion was as to whether they should attack immediately, or wait until the whole army had been gathered within the town and finish the affair with one blow. The latter plan was favored by the elders, but the impetuosity of the young men could not be restrained. One of them followed Ortiz out of the house and lifted his bow, shouting defiance.

De Gallegos saw the movement, and whipping out his sword, cut him from the shoulder to the waist. The son of the dead chief drew his bow, and launched six arrows in quick succession. They all rebounded harmlessly from the armor of De Gallegos, and

seeing their futility, the Indian sprang upon him and dealt him such a blow with the oaken bow that he only succeeded in saving his life by passing his sword through his assailant's body.

outside under the trees. Some of them were shot down on the way. A few mounted, and most of the others cut the bridles so that the priceless animals escaped. The horsemen threw themselves upon the advancing

*"Half a dozen men would swim together to form a platform in the water, upon which another would kneel and discharge his bolts so long as he had an arrow left in his quiver."*

From every house and hiding-place the Indians came running with yells of hatred. They struck the astonished Spaniards with the force of a tempest. Resistance, under the circumstances, was suicide. The Spaniards turned and fled at their highest speed to get out of the town. They broke through the gate, which the precipitate attack had prevented from being closed, and then ran toward their horses, which were tethered

Indians and checked their onrush, until the rest of the band formed up and advanced, and the Indians were driven back into the walls. The Spaniards attempted to storm the place, but they were met with such a volley of arrows that they retreated once more, again pursued by the Indians. This advancing and retreating were kept up for four long hours of hard fighting.

Meanwhile, the slaves had carried their

loads within the walls. They were freed from their fetters and given weapons. The hatreds engendered in their captivity made them not less desperate than the savage Alabamians. Finally, De Soto determined to break into the town. The Spaniards were smarting with wounds and mad with rage. Dismounting from their horses, under the cover of their shields they advanced to the gate. In spite of the arrows which were rained upon them, they beat it down with axes and broke into the inclosure. The Indians met them in solid ranks. They were cut down in numbers, but came on with most determined fury. By the command of the chief, the women, seizing weapons from the strewn ground, threw themselves upon the foe.

The Spanish position was desperate. Bidding the men hold on, De Soto and De Tobar ran back outside, sprang upon their horses, and charged up the narrow streets through the seething mass of Indians. Back and forth they rode, hewing and slaughtering, the iron hoofs of the horses crushing the life out of the prostrate Indians. Missiles were rained upon them, but they bore charmed lives. Sounds of their war-cries infused new spirit into the men. Finally, as De Soto rose in the stirrups to deliver a blow, an arrow pierced him in the unarmored thigh. There was no time to take it out then, and he rode through the rest of the battle standing in the stirrups, a great feat of horsemanship and courage, of which his followers were justly proud.

The Spaniards finally succeeded in setting fire to the thatched houses, and flame added its terror to the scene. The battle had raged for eight hours when, about four o'clock, the main body of the army under Moscoso, which had been loitering along under the trees, came in sight of the village. The crackling flames and rolling columns of smoke, the wild yells of the Indians, and the war-cries of the Spaniards apprised them of the situation. Throwing aside everything but their weapons, the cavaliers galloped forward, with the foot soldiers close behind, and entered the town. Throwing themselves in front of their broken, exhausted companions, they swept the Indians resistlessly before them. Men and women were indiscriminately slaughtered. The brave savages fought until they were cut down to a man. It is related that the last Indian left alive ran to the wall and sprang upon it. When he saw that escape was cut off by bodies of Spaniards, he shook his fist in defiance, caught his bow-string about his neck, and hanged himself from the palisades! Sparta in its palmiest days never produced a more devoted soldier.

There was not a living Indian, not even a wounded one, to be seen. The village was a roaring furnace. Eighty-two Spaniards had been killed outright, eighteen of them having been shot in the face. There were 250 badly wounded, and fifty horses had been slain—an irreparable loss. The inefficient surgeon had hundreds of serious wounds to dress! Most of their baggage had been burned in the town, including all of the medical stores. In default of anything better, they dressed their wounds with the fat extracted from the bodies of the dead Indians.

The vessels for the celebration of the Mass, and the wheat flour for the bread, had been lost as well. Henceforth there was no Mass on that journey. The priests, robed in vestments of skins of wild animals, would stand before the rude altars and repeat the service from memory, nothing more. Dry Mass, the soldiers called it.

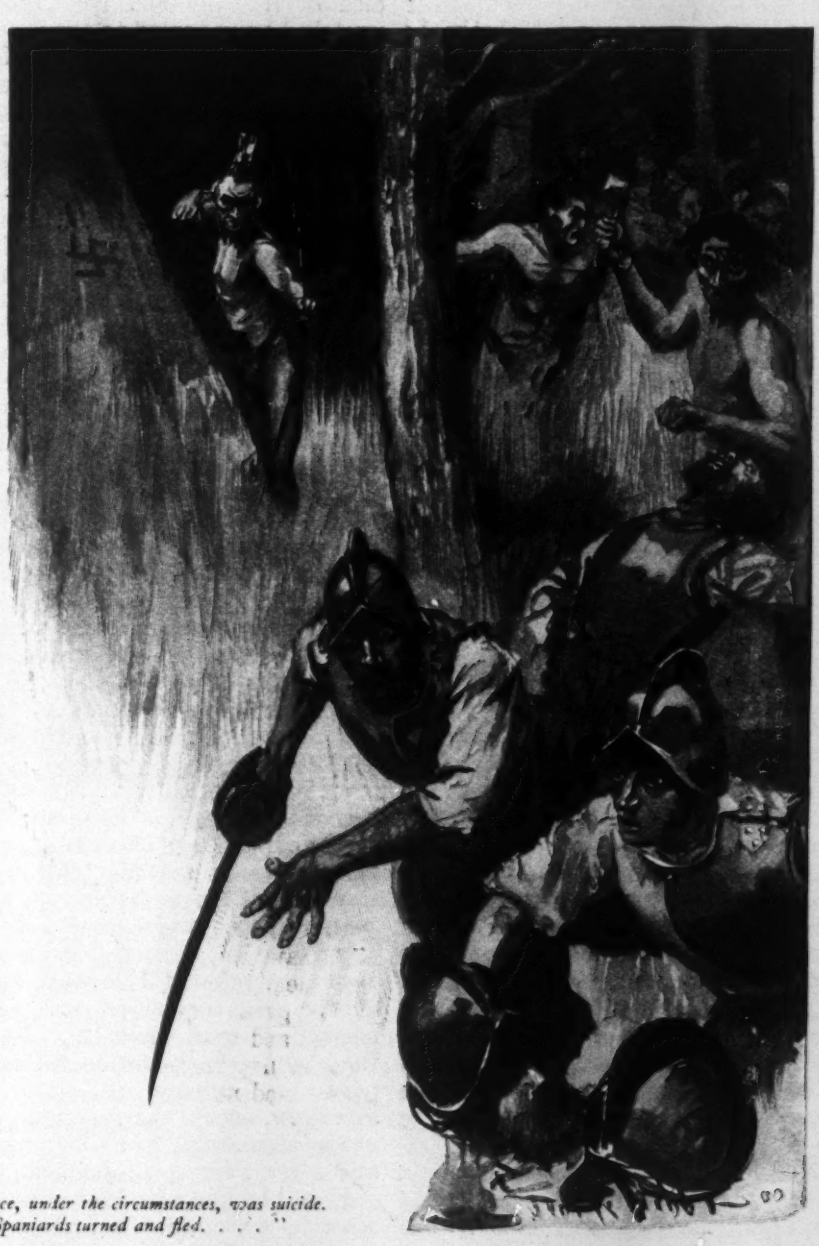
They were not troubled by the Indians of that tribe any farther, for the reason that there were none left—all were killed. As Tuscaloosa was never heard of afterward, it is supposed that he perished in the destruction of his people. His brave efforts were as useless as Vitachuco's. The Spanish accounts of the slain range from 11,000 to 2,500, the latter figure probably being more nearly correct.

From messengers and Indians they here learned that they were six days' march from Pensacola, which was the place where they were to meet the ships. They had found no gold, nothing but marching and fighting had been their lot, and a natural longing for home filled their minds. Seeing no way of bending their inflexible leader, a conspiracy was hatched, among the most discontented, to seize his person and abandon the expedition. If they had succeeded, De Soto would have returned to Spain broken in fortune and ruined in fame. He was resolute to press on. In spite of all, he still dreamed of conquests, still hoped to retrieve his fortune. He knew too well what the royal gratitude was. It was only consequent upon success.

The conspiracy was detected, the conspirators were severely punished, and under the orders of the chief the little army faced to the northwest and abandoned its last chance of getting home by way of the sea.

On the 17th of December, 1540, at the village of Chicasa, which they had occupied for the winter, they were surprised at midnight by an overwhelming force of Indians, who set fire to the negligently guarded camp. The Spaniards, at first panic-stricken, were rallied by De Soto, De Tobar, and Vasconcelos. De Soto, who slept in doublet and hose, was the only man to mount his horse in this action. In the middle of the fight his saddle turned, and he pitched headlong among his enemies. There was a furious *mêlée* over the body of the captain, but he finally escaped. It was found afterward that he had fought for an hour on horseback in an ungirthed saddle. It was not for nothing that he had the reputation of a finished horseman.

Fourteen men and fifty-seven horses were killed here, and over 400 hogs, which were penned up in the middle of the city and carefully guarded, were burned. Only the porkers who were small enough to run between the logs escaped. The Indians regarded a hog as a valuable prize, and every savage came to the attack with three ropes



*"Resistance, under the circumstances, was suicide. The Spaniards turned and fled. . . ."*

—one for a Spaniard, one for a horse, and one for a hog. The explorers spent that winter in the country of the Chickasaws, in a deplorable state of destitution. In the successive fights and fires everything they possessed, even to saddles, had been lost.

With an energy which cannot be too much admired, they made a bellows out of hides and two old arquebuse barrels, and set to work to re-temper their weapons and make new saddles, lances, and such other rude equipments as was possible. They had no clothing except a few skins, and they almost perished from the winter cold, until a soldier who had been a weaver, Juan Vega, made some grass-cloth with which they covered their nakedness. They made forays throughout the surrounding country, and treated the Indians with most brutal and implacable severity. In another village of the Chickasaws, which they had gained by hard fighting, they put everybody to death.

On April 25, 1541, they set forward once more upon the march. They were a rude array of savage men, clad in the skins of wild beasts, a few of them riding horses, and driving a small drove of swine; and their rude weapons scarcely differentiated them from the surrounding savages. Heading ever westward and northward, early in the month of May (the exact date is not known), the advance guard broke through the dense woodland, and from a high bluff (latitude 35° north, near Memphis, Tennessee) beheld the tawny, turbid flood of the Mississippi rolling swiftly at their feet—Espiritu Santo, De Soto named it. Up and down, as far as the eye could see, spread the great river. A half league away the other bank confronted them.

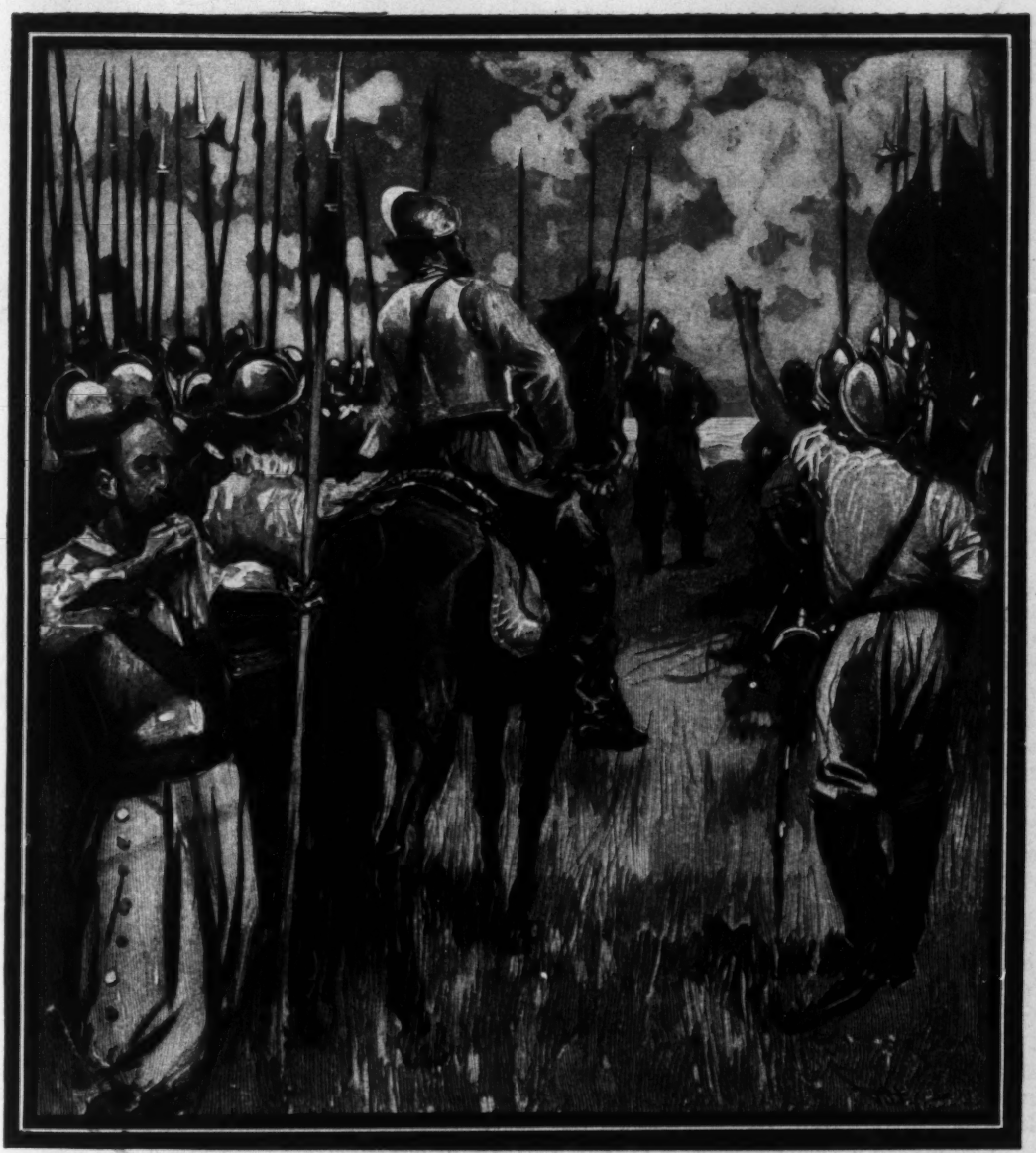
The discovery of the Mississippi, together with his misfortunes, are the incidents which have served to perpetuate the name of De Soto, otherwise he would be remembered as lightly as De Narvaez or the others whom the primeval forests of the New World had swallowed up. The importance of a moment, the value of an incident, is rarely known until viewed through the perspective of centuries of time. The broken De Soto, who saw in the hurrying flood only an obstacle in his path, little dreamed that this river valley was to be the central artery of a great empire, which would some day strike his country the severest blow ever dealt to Spanish rule.

Moving down the river until they found a place where the ground sloped gently to the water's edge, the Spaniards crossed and took up their weary march. Drawing away from the stream, the tired cavalcade plodded on toward the northwest. They discovered no gold; but on the banks of the White River in Arkansas they found something more precious to them in their extremity, for which they had longed ever since they began their wanderings, and that was salt.

"If I could only have a morsel of fresh meat and a handful of salt," had been the plaint of many dying men, "I think I could live."

Some of them ate it so greedily that they died of it. By and by, in despair, the wretched army turned to the southward and dragged its way down to the Mississippi. Was the iron will of the conquistador at last broken? Had he repented the decision which had led him away from safety after Maubila? Was the natural longing to see Donna Isabella, to return to civilization at all hazards, strong enough to move him? No, for after passing the third winter in the province of Utiangue, where Juan Ortiz died —a great loss,—in the springtime they kept on still exploring, fighting, hoping, though ever moving to the south. Finally, they struck the banks of the great river again, and followed its winding course until they reached the village of Guachoya, at the mouth of the Red River.

Halting here uncertainly, De Soto was seized with a wasting fever, which never left him. In spite of his resolute will, he was forced to take to his rude couch, where he grew speedily worse. There is something manly and attractive in the way in which he met his death. His life had been hard, stern, cruel, and merciless. Ruthless and treacherous, he had partaken of all the vices of his age and nation; but there had been in him a magnificent courage, a cool hardihood, forethought for his men, an open-hearted generosity. Here and there were sparks of justice in his dealings with the Indians; once in a while touches of mercy, standing out bright before the black background against which they were exhibited. These have half redeemed his fame. He had been the noblest, the highest, and the best of the great explorers; and was now the poorest and most miserable. He had everything to live for when he set sail from San Lucar; and nothing was left of his possessions now, except the rude hut on the banks of the Mississippi, two slaves, three horses, and a few swine. Disappointment and despair had broken even his resolute soul. All his toil, labor, sacrifice, devotion, courage



DE SOTO DISCOVERING THE MISSISSIPPI.

had come to naught. It all ended here on the banks of the Mississippi.

He made his final preparations for death like a good Christian, writing his will and testament in cipher on a scrap of paper, confessing his sins, and making his peace with Heaven. With prudent forethought, he called his followers about him before he died. He had been a stern master, but they loved him. Many of them had followed him over the mountain passes of Peru, they had ruffled it with him at the court of Spain, they had fought shoulder to shoulder in the everglades of Florida, charged with him in the flames of Maubila. Some, like De Tobar and Moscoso, had felt the weight of his stern displeasure. These things were forgotten now. They remembered him as the indomitable, heroic, courageous, far-seeing captain. If there was a lack of other comforts, there were tears and affection about his death-bed. In quaint words, which have a genuine ring read to-day after a lapse of centuries, Balthazar de Gallegos, acting as spokesman for the rest, delivered a homily, words of condolence and comfort, which were agreeable to the ears of the dying man.

Wishing to avoid dissension, De Soto bade

them choose a successor, to whom he could commit the command. With one accord they left the determination to him, and his eyes turned to Moscoso, his early friend, a decision in which the others cheerfully acquiesced. At De Soto's request, the officers and principal men of the depleted army swore allegiance to the new commander in his hut; and then all the Spaniards, in groups of twenty, passed beside the bed of the dying commander and bade him farewell.

He died next day, the 21st of May, 1542, having been ill but seven days. The fever of the body, which with increasing virulence burned up his life, was typical of the fever of his soul, which had led him to this untimely end. His death came in the delirium of fever, in which his mind reverted to Peru, to Spain, and to Havana, where the lonely Donna Isabella stood waiting on the strand.

Concealing the death of the "Child of the Sun" from the Indians, lest their prestige should diminish, Moscoso caused the corpse to be hidden for three days, while the soldiers were compelled to dissemble their grief by outward manifestations of joy and cheer. At the end of that time, at the dead of night, they buried their great commander in a deep grave outside the village; but the shrewd Indians suspected something, and in great fear lest they should dig up the plain and find the body, Moscoso determined to disinter it and sink it in the river.

D'Añasco and four other captains soon found a place over a hundred feet deep, which they thought would suit. The next night the body was exhumed; and as there were no stones to weight it, it was wrapped in mantles, which were filled with sand and carefully secured. At midnight a little party rowed softly out to mid-stream, and there, with a muttered prayer from the priests, the cavaliers gently lowered the body over the side of the boat, and with a sullen splash it sank beneath the surface. The mighty mass of water rushed silently on over the iron heart, now so still, which had once beat so fiercely in his breast. The night wind in the trees sang his requiem as they rowed back to the shore and left him. Surely earth knows no grander sepulcher, and the hand of man cannot rear so noble a monument as the great river, which was the one and the other to the soldier now at rest.

For five weary months the survivors struggled westward, until they came to the great deserts of Arizona. There they halted; and after exploring in various directions, in despair they turned back toward the river, which they reached in December, 1542.

They wintered near the village of Guachoya again, and set to work building boats. Fortunately for them, through all their wanderings they preserved one saw. It proved to be their most priceless possession. The enterprise and ingenuity of the Spaniards were astonishing. Every bit of iron they possessed, except swords, was forged into nails. The winter was a severe one, and they only sustained life while they worked by ruthlessly appropriating every grain of corn from the surrounding villages. So great were their exactions that the helpless Indians died of starvation in scores. Here, too, died the gallant De Tobar.

At the expiration of five months they had succeeded in building crazy boats, in which they embarked and floated down the river, pursued by a great fleet of war-canoes of the Natchez. One of the boats was captured with its crew; the horses, reduced to twelve in number, were abandoned; and finally, on the 18th of July, the flotilla reached the sea. There was divided counsel again. Some of them, led by D'Añasco, who had retained a rude jackstaff through all his wanderings, and who had some pretensions to the art of navigation, were for sailing away toward Havana. They tried it for a day or two, but were driven westward by a storm, and abandoned the attempt, running along the shore toward Mexico. On the 10th of September, 1543, four years and four months from the day they left Havana, they reached the Panuco River in Mexico, and were soon safe among their own people.

Three hundred gaunt, haggard, starving, broken men, naked, shoeless, hatless, with neither equipment nor weapon save here and there a dulled sword, which their feeble arms could scarcely lift, were all that were left of the proudest, gayest, and most splendid little army they had ever debarked upon our shores.

Donna Isabella had sent out several expeditions from Havana in all directions, to seek for traces of her missing lord, but they secured no tidings of De Soto. Three years' silence had broken her spirit. When the word did come from Mexico of the unfortunate end of the expedition and the death of her husband, like a true and loving woman, having nothing left to live for, she quietly folded her hands and died of a broken heart.